The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1900.

The Week.

The Army Bill, so mangled that it bore little resemblance to the poorly drawn measure so hastily introduced on Monday week, passed the House on Thursday by a vote of 166 to 133, a number of Democrats voting in the affirmative. It is not often that the Congressional spoilsmen have such a glorious opportunity, and they made the most of it by giving the army merit system worse blows than those dealt to the civil service by President McKinley. As it now stands, volunteers and civilians can find more than one loophole to get into the service for which they may or may not be fitted, without examination; and finally, the age limit for lieutenants was removed. Any incapable volunteer officer of fifty years or so with the requisite pull can now be sure of getting a place next to or ahead of the latest batch of West Pointers fresh from four years of careful training, and, after a few years' service, can go upon the retired list with a comfortable pension for life. If the House deserves praise for refusing to appoint Gen. Shafter a major-general on the retired list, and for declining to retire Gens. James H. Wilson and Fitzhugh Lee, little else can be said to its credit. The infliction of another highly officered staff corps—of horse doctors—and of a department of dental surgeons upon the abused army establishment would alone condemn the bill. Such disorganization as this is the sole reward meted out to the faithful, gallant, and capable little regular army which fought and won the battle of Santiago, which bears the brunt of the Philippine struggle, and whose merits were but yesterday trumpeted so loudly. Fortunately, the Senate may yet insist upon some measure of decency before the bill becomes a law.

When the retired list of the United States army was established, it was for the express purpose of pensioning deserving officers of long service who had attained the age of sixty-four years. It was also intended to relieve the highest grades of worthy but superannuated officers and to insure regular promotions. There never was the slightest intention of using the retired list as a means of getting foul-mouthed, incompetent, or insubordinate officers off the active list. For this purpose there was established a regular system of courts-martial, and a corps of official prosecutors known as judge-advocates-general. Such a court-martial tried Brig-Gen. Charles P. Eagan, Commissary-General of the army, for language, unbecoming a fish-wife, used towards his superior officer, the commander of the army, at a time when American and foreign attention was particularly centred upon our military. For this grossly scandalous conduct the court-martial sentenced Gen. Eagan, in February, 1899, to dismissal from the service—the only punishment commensurate with the offence. A weak and temporizing President commuted this sentence to six years' suspension from duty on full pay. Now, in order to do tardy justice to the officer who has been filling Gen. Eagan's place with less rank and pay, the President has restored to duty and retired Gen. Eagan at his own request, with three-quarters pay for life, no other method of getting rid of him being open. By this action Mr. McKinley has entirely misused the retired list, while his failure to mete out justice when the case was first submitted to him has now caused him to put an indignity upon every officer of the retired list who is on it for meritorious reasons.

It is surely a cause for satisfaction that the House of Representatives has gone on record against the army canteen in such a way that its will cannot again be misunderstood or misinterpreted. This may be said wholly aside from the question of the advisability of the institution. Nearly two years ago, Congress declared opposition to the sale of intoxicating liquors on Government reservations, but its action was nullified and its will disobeyed by a most extraordinary legal decision of Attorney-General Griggs, with which the public at large is familiar. That a high law officer should be able deliberately to thwart the wishes of the highest legislative body in the land is neither a desirable nor a fitting thing, and Representative Littlefield deserves much credit for his success in getting the House to stand fast and repeat its action. If the Senate adopts this plan and makes it a law, the discussion of the value of the canteen will continue unchecked. Army officers, following Gen. Corbin's later judgment of 1899 will declare in large numbers that it is better that soldiers should drink Government beer than privately owned liquor in the infamous dens which surround most army posts. Army officers opposed to the canteen, like Gen. Corbin in 1892—and there are such—will mostly continue to keep silent, in view of the obvious bias of their superior officers, and of the doubt whether their letters would ever see the light of day after reaching Gen. Corbin. Meanwhile some facts should not be overlooked. In navies the world over, the trend has been distinctly away from serving liquor to the crews, as used to be the custom in our own fleet. As for armies, the canteen, being in the post, offers numberless attractions to the soldiers passing and repassing all day, and the "light beer" is often but a stimulus to the desire for more alcoholic drinks.

Thanks are due to Congressman McCall, the independent and plain-spoken Republican of Massachusetts, for his speech on the Army Bill. He resorted to no subterfuges and made no apologies, but struck directly at the war in the Philippines as an attack upon human liberty, for which a permanent increase in the army was demanded. Then he called for action by Congress to put an end to the war by the simple process of telling the Filipinos that we intend to give them self-government. To this, Mr. Hull of Iowa replied that the President was obliged under the Treaty of Paris to maintain the sovereignty of the United States in the islands, and that in order to do so he must have soldiers. This was not responsive to Mr. McCall's argument, since no embarrassments beset Congress in this particular. It has always been open to Congress to make a declaration respecting the Philippines similar to that made concerning Cuba, and no time could be more appropriate for making it than the present, when an army bill is pending. Mr. Hull evidently perceived the weakness of his reply to Mr. McCall, for he immediately added that he believed that the Philippines would remain under our sway as long as our Government lasted. So the cat is out of the bag. There is to be a permanent increase of the army to 100,000 men for the purpose of holding in subjection a distant and alien people who have so little in common with us that we are not willing to make them our fellow-citizens. This increase of the army is to be put in the discretion of the President in order to avoid responsibility on the part of Congressmen who vote for the bill, and who seek to avoid all other responsibility by refusing to pass any bill to settle the government of the Philippines.

Senator Frye has spoken for two days in favor of the Ship-Subsidy Bill, and has thus set an example, in the way of talking against time, of which the opponents of the measure may possibly avail themselves. He reiterates the *ad captandum* phrase so often repeated, that we have paid and are paying millions of dollars to foreigners which we ought to save by carrying our own freight to foreign countries. What does he mean by saying that "we paid" this money? It is a fact well known that the greater part of all shipments

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of American products to foreign countries, especially of the bulkier ones, are made for foreign account, and are arranged for, and paid for, by foreigners who have bought our products here and have made their own arrangements for shipping. In the selection of vessels for carrying these shipments, sentiment plays no part. It is merely a question of rates, and unless the United States is prepared to pay its citizens to engage in the foreign shipping business at a loss to such an extent as to reduce the entire international freight rate, this bill will not prevent those who buy and export our products from employing foreign ships; and until the whole international freight rate is reduced, producers here will obtain no more for their goods than at present. Moreover, in the case where an American merchant buys goods for export and engages his own freight room, he gets the full value that he pays for, whether he hires an American ship or a foreign one; consequently there is no loss either to him or to the country. Chartering an American ship to do the same work at a higher price is a loss of the difference to the American merchant, and hence to the country of which he is a part. The theory of the Subsidy Bill is that the United States Treasury shall make good this difference, and that then it will be a net gain to the country instead of a loss, and not merely a gain of this small difference, but a gain of the whole amount of the freight.

Senator Frye's notion of amending the Ship-Subsidy Bill into a semblance of decency is evidently that of making a fairer division of the swag. By nicely adjusting the booty between Pacific and Atlantic, between American-built and foreign-built steamers, he thinks to obviate all reasonable objection. It apparently never occurs to him that the offensive thing is not the manner of dividing the spoil, but the fact that there is any spoil to divide. Nor does he seem to perceive anything abhorrent in the cool insolence of a committee of interested persons, who meet in Washington and instruct Congress in just what proportions to give them $9,000,000 a year. This impudent exhibition of greed, however, with its open assertion of ownership of the Republican party, is what is making Western Republicans shake their heads, and is the main obstacle in the way of the bill. Another obstacle is taking shape in the evident preparations of foreign capital to invade American ship-yards and so be ready for a share of the largess. As the chief announced object of the Subsidy Bill is to do away with the monstrous crime of paying any money to foreigners, we do not see how a measure which would pay one cent of interest to English or German capital invested in American ship-building can be looked upon with aught but horror.

"Senatorial courtesy" has long been responsible for offences of various sorts. What may be called Representative courtesy is now invoked to justify a legislative outrage. Charles A. Boutelle went to Congress from Maine in 1881, and served continuously from that time until his health broke down last year, with steadily increasing efficiency during the latter part of the period, particularly as Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs. Last summer his Republican constituents renominated him for another term, to which he was elected in September, although his condition at the time was such as to justify small hope of his recovery. Indeed, the chief argument for giving him this nomination was that his mental state was such that it might kill him to learn that he had been set aside for disability. Everybody now recognizes that he can never resume his duties at Washington, and as he has no private income, some one proposed that a bill should be passed authorizing his appointment as a captain on the retired list of the navy upon his resignation from Congress. The Committee on Naval Affairs on Friday reported this bill favorably, and it is pretty safe to predict that their action will be ratified by the House, and then endorsed by the Senate as a matter of comity between the two branches.

Mr. Boutelle's case appeals to popular sympathy, but it does not warrant such injustice to others as will be involved in the passage of the pending bill. A captain in the navy who goes on the retired list, receives for the rest of his life one-half or three-quarters of the sea pay ($3,500) of his rank, and the placing upon this list of a man from civil life would mean that he would be put upon the same plane with the man who has been serving steadily in the navy since the Maine Congressman left it, nearly thirty-five years ago. This would be grossly unjust in itself, and pernicious as a precedent. A private pension act in Mr. Boutelle's behalf would at least not involve such injustice to others. But in truth his case is not one for Congressional legislation at all. Mr. Boutelle has a host of personal and political friends, and it should be an easy matter to raise the moderate sum required to secure an annuity which would render his last years comfortable.

While our bankers and brokers are complaining of our present stamp-taxes upon stock transfers as excessive, news comes from Berlin that the oldest association of merchants in that city has memorialized the Imperial Chancellor for relief from similar taxes levied upon them by the Imperial Government, and has asked for a general reform of the law regulating stock-exchange transactions. The memorial declares that the movement against the banks and the exchanges, and the legislation of late years, have been based upon an entire misconception. Aside from absolute prohibition of legitimate speculative buying and selling of stocks and grain, taxation on all transfers has been disastrously burdensome. This has greatly embarrassed the banks, and the evil consequences have been far-reaching. The memorial declares that the thrifty laborer and handicraftsman and the small investor have suffered equally with the great merchant, manufacturer, or landowner, and that agriculture, trade, and industry, national and international, have been seriously handicapped. It seeks a remission of taxes on stock transfers, which, it insists, are unjust, since they are collected irrespective of the amount of profit or loss involved in any given sale, and it urges a reinstatement of the exchanges and of legitimate speculation in futures.

Sunday's dispatches make clearer than ever the evils of the European occupation of China, and the demoralizing influence of the great and irresponsible powers wielded by the provisional government. At Tientsin, we learn, there are eight department heads, who draw a salary of $8,000 apiece, their eight deputies receive $6,000, and numerous officials are paid as much as $3,000. These positions are sinecures, and any one can see how odious this exploitation must appear in the eyes of the Chinese. It is most gratifying that we as Americans have had no part in this sorry business. Whatever may have been the terms of Gen. Chaffee's "offensive" note protesting to Gen. Waldersee against the looting of the Imperial Observatory, its spirit was that of every right-feeling American. In protesting against the incurring of future and permanent obligations by the provisional government, he acted with a soldierly sense of honor that has been rarely shown in the whole Chinese business. In instructing the American representative in the provisional government to receive nothing beyond his army pay, he refuted the taunt of commercialism so often made against Americans *quâ* Americans. Minister Wu Ting Fang, who spoke some interesting words in this city on Sunday on Confucianism and Christianity, would, we believe, in considering the attitude and the acts of the other Christian Powers in China, be inclined to distinguish between Gen. Chaffee and the other commanders, finding in him that kind of practical recognition of man-to-man duties which is the essence of Confucian ethics.

It is really a tremendous victory for public sentiment to have forced Platt into giving up every feature of his original State Constabulary scheme except

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the suggestion that the Governor shall have the power to remove summarily the single Police Commissioner who is to be appointed by the Mayor. The plea for this exception to full acceptance of the home-rule principle in the matter is that an emergency might arise in which the interests of the State would suffer irreparable harm unless its Executive could interfere immediately. It is argued, for example, that a bad Police Commissioner might threaten the fairness of a State or Presidential election, and might be sustained in his action by the Mayor, so that the only remedy would be his instant displacement by some higher power. But the experience of the city in the recent election shows that it is not at all necessary that the Governor shall have the power to remove the head of the Police Department in order to insure fair play at the polls. Gov. Roosevelt's letter to the Mayor notifying him that the Executive would hold him responsible if anything went wrong, served the purpose perfectly. The great objection to such a division of power as is now proposed is that it gives two officials, generally representing two parties, authority over one man, and that is almost sure to work badly.

In the course of one of his speeches during the anti-Quay campaign of 1898, Mr. John Wanamaker publicly criticised and denounced one of the Quay schemes for the plunder of the State Treasury. This was the publication and printing of a State poultry book for the information of farmers. Originally intended as a pamphlet to be sold for twenty cents, it appeared from the press as a large volume with expensive colored plates of game birds, deer, and other animals, the whole issue costing the State $56,000, or about four and one-half dollars a copy. The State printer, one Robinson, had the effrontery to sue Mr. Wanamaker for slander on the ground that no one could show that any of the spoils had stuck to his fingers. Judge Wilson of Beaver County on Thursday non-suited the plaintiff, thereby not only upholding the Bill of Rights, but also the principle that public criticism of public officers which does not involve intentional or malicious misstatement of fact is not libellous. In this respect the case was not unlike the Butler-Holt indictment in this city a short time ago, and any other verdict would have been an inspiration to bosses the country over.

Mr. Chamberlain is a first-class fighting man, and the battle always rages fiercest in his vicinity; so that the bitter personal attacks upon him in both houses of Parliament on Thursday may be taken by his friends as a tribute to his prowess. But the sting which lurks in Lord Rosebery's summing up of the charges against the Colonial Secretary—that, while he had not been proved to be personally corrupt, "the pride of England in the purity of its public men" had suffered in the spectacle which Chamberlain presents—will long remain to plague him. As usual, Mr. Chamberlain is on record as having taken the highest moral ground against the very practices in which he has now been caught. When Sir Hercules Robinson was named High Commissioner to South Africa, Chamberlain attacked the appointment, on the ground that Sir Hercules had held shares in the South African Company. It was not that he expected the Commissioner to be "improperly influenced," but a person chosen by the Queen for high office must be, like Cæsar's wife, not only pure, but beyond suspicion. This sounds grandly coming from the man who, as Colonial Secretary, has been shown to be connected, either in his own name or through his family, with five different companies having Government contracts.

The Salisbury and the Chamberlain family connection between them pretty fully occupied the House of Commons on Monday. It was Mr. Chamberlain's *oratio pro domo sua* that must have been most painful to make. He made it most adroitly; appealed to his own record and that of his family for commercial honesty, repudiated indignantly the charge that he personally had profited, or his family (who were plain business folk, with their fortune to make), unduly, by Government contracts, while as for those unfortunate investments, it was simply heartless to persecute an honorable man for an indirect interest in Government contracts amounting to a few pounds, or perhaps shillings only. It is in the morally impotent conclusion that the Brummagem note sounds full. Probably no one seriously charges Mr. Chamberlain with deliberate corruption. What Mr. Chamberlain only too clearly shows of himself is this, that the "honorable and sensitive" man who writhes under these charges, was not sensitive enough to drop investments, however small, that might expose him to Monday's humiliation. For a humiliation it was, even if the resolution of censure was defeated by what, with the abstaining Irish members present, would have been a bare majority of the House. Mr. Balfour had an easier time in his plea for the Salisbury family in the Cabinet. It was a Conservative, to be sure, who proposed a resolution of regret that Lord Salisbury had appointed his own relations so freely. But Mr. Balfour had only to say, waiving any punctilio of false modesty, that the appointments were excellent ones, and that in such case "the unhappy accident of birth ought not to be a bar to public service." The House assented by a handsome majority. A moralist might well ponder the advantage of a family with no Government pounds, shillings, and pence to explain away, over one with a few to account for.

Mr. Chamberlain never displayed his personal and political adroitness to greater advantage than in his statement in the House of Commons on Friday regarding the future of the Boer republics. The cat-like agility with which he always falls on his feet was again seen. The day before he had been the object of the bitterest attacks. On Friday the session closed in universal applause for the Colonial Secretary, whose conciliatory and statesmanlike declaration concerning the Transvaal and Orange River Colony delighted even his opponents. What they cheered most of all was his intimation that the Rand gold-miners, who did their best to bring on the war, were to be taxed smartly to help pay for it. This will wring the souls of those gentry, who have already begun to complain that they are going to be mulcted more heavily by the English than they were by the Dutch. But Chamberlain was famous of old for his doctrine of "ransom" to be paid by the rich, and he evidently now means to apply it in Johannesburg.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, attracted by the statement in a London paper that "industrial casualty lists of killed and wounded workmen in England show a heavier expenditure of life than that revealed by the war lists," has subjected the casualties of war and of industry to accurate statistical measurement. He finds the rates per thousand as follows: For non-commissioned officers and men killed or died of wounds in South Africa, 20.5; died of disease, 31.4; wounded, 67.4; total, 119.3 per 1,000, or 1 in 11 exposed killed, 1 in 15 wounded, and 1 in 20 died of wounds or disease. Making allowance for those who would have died in the service from ordinary, not war, risks, the writer finds that a year of war has caused an excess in the normal death rate of 36.9 per 1,000, and a non-fatal wound rate of 67.4 per 1,000. This, it may be remarked, is not a high casualty rate if it be compared with rates which have been maintained in other wars, such as our own Civil War, but it is still much higher than any industrial risk. In one year, from September, 1899, to August, 1900, it appears there were 4,308 persons killed and 89,042 injured in England by industrial accidents, and these totals, the writer admits, may well occasion something of a shock. But he points out that there were exposed to risks 5,416,043 persons, and that the rates are very small—0.79 for deaths, and 16.44 for injuries, or 1 workman killed in 1,260, and 1 injured in 60.

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REDUCE THE TAXES.

In a dispatch to the Associated Press a few days since, Secretary Gage was quoted as saying that it would be extremely unwise to make a greater reduction of the war tax than $30,000,000. Continuing the conversation, he said:

"When I recommended a reduction of $30,000,000, I had in mind the inevitable heavy expenditures for the army and navy as well as other departments of the Government. The added expense of maintenance of an army of approximately 100,000 instead of 27,000 men, has been shown to be about $70,000,000 a year. Our receipts from the war taxes approximate $100,000,000 a year, so, speaking broadly, the proposed reduction of $30,000,000 would leave just about enough special revenues to meet the extraordinary expenses of the army."

Mr. Payne, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, thinks, on the other hand, that a reduction of $40,000,000 may be made without endangering any public interest, naval, military, or civil. At all events, he and his committee intend to take the risk. In this step they are to be encouraged and commended for a variety of reasons. In the first place, there was a public understanding at the time when the war tax was enacted that it would continue no longer than the war. It was for a special and unforeseen emergency, and was not to be regarded as a permanent burden on the taxpayers. The war with Spain ended two years ago, but we are now told that the tax was intended to include the consequences of the war as well as the war itself. Undoubtedly it is proper to include in this category all the necessary consequences of the war—that is, all pecuniary obligations incurred in carrying it on, including pensions for disabled soldiers and sailors, claims for property taken for public use, and any damages for which the Government should be liable. These are the legitimate consequences of the war and were the only ones contemplated when the war tax was enacted. The pacification and policing of Cuba until a government could be established by the Cubans for themselves was also one of the necessary consequences of the war. But it never was intended to include another war among the consequences of the war with Spain, least of all a war on the other side of the globe for the subjugation of a people who had never done us any wrong. If any such intention had been proclaimed or suspected at the time when the tax was enacted, the war in the Philippines would not have received the sanction of one American citizen, either white or black, either in or out of Congress.

Well, the war exists. Would you allow the army in the Philippines to perish for want of supplies, arms, munitions, medicines, recruits, etc.? No, that is not the question before the House. The question is whether the pressure which taxation puts upon both Government and people shall be applied in favor of peace or of continued war. If the question were now an open one, if the present war tax were before Congress as a new measure and the people were asked to take $70,000,000 per year from their pockets in order to fight a people in Eastern Asia, no such bill could be passed. Ways and means would be found to put an end to the war at once. Surely no end could be more appropriate to a self-governing and freedom-loving people than that of conferring self-government and freedom on another people who have fallen into our hands by the mere chance of a war with their former oppressors. We favor the cutting down of taxes to the barest living expenses of the Government in order to compel those who administer it to lop off all useless expenses, and especially war expenses which have never been sanctioned by the people. A joint resolution of Congress not longer than five lines, offering to the Filipinos the same terms that were given to the Cubans, would end the war and its expenditures of treasure, of blood, and of reputation.

There are still other reasons for cutting down the taxes. A surplus in the Treasury makes an easy berth for the Secretary, but it nurses all kinds of jobbery and demoralization, ship subsidies, river and harbor bills, public-building extravagance, canals, battle-ships, etc. Their name is legion, and they are coming on with eagerness to relieve the Treasury. No surplus will ever be too much for them. The larger the surplus, the more powerful the temptation to the lobby. There is much reason to believe that the Nicaragua Canal Bill itself embraces an enormous money-making scheme, and that it has "joined teams" with the Ship-Subsidy Bill to relieve the Treasury of any money that may be left over during the next ten years. The men who bring forward these schemes cannot be beaten by arguments. They can be defeated only by an empty Treasury and by the necessity of public borrowing to satisfy their claims. An issue of bonds always puts the people on inquiry what is done with their money, and makes them angry unless the objects for which it is spent are absolutely necessary for the national honor and welfare. Borrowing for maintaining specie payments was such an object; borrowing for the war with Spain was considered such by the majority of the people. Only for these two purposes has the Government contracted new loans since the end of the civil war. If it were forced to borrow in order to pay ship subsidies, or to erect public buildings in out-of-the-way places, or to carry on war in the Philippines, it would soon find a way to avoid those expenses altogether. Therefore, let tax reduction go on merrily. The safety of the republic lies in a lean Treasury.

THE ISTHMIAN-CANAL REPORT.

It is evident that the able and impartial engineers who have been investigating for our Government the question of an interoceanic canal, were somewhat embarrassed by the union of two subjects in their instructions. They were to report on an engineering problem. They were also to give their opinion on a question of national policy. It was not simply "the most practicable and feasible route" for a canal which they were to determine. They were to decide as well where best a canal could be built "under the control, management, and ownership of the United States." It is clearly the latter consideration which has led them to declare for the Nicaragua route. On engineering and economic grounds pure and simple, the award would have been made to the Panama route. But the Panama Company made no satisfactory proposal for the transfer of their concession and other property to this country, and therefore the Commission had nothing to do but to look elsewhere.

The superior natural advantages of the Panama location are frankly set forth in the report. A canal there would be shorter, straighter, cheaper than one through Nicaragua. Having but 300 feet to surmount at the divide, it would need fewer locks. There remains the question of distance from our Atlantic and Pacific harbors. Much has been made of this by vociferous advocates of the Nicaragua route. They have dwelt on the fact that the distance from San Francisco to New York would be 377 miles greater by Panama than by Nicaragua; to New Orleans 579 miles; to Liverpool 386 miles. Now, of course, if the canal is to be a part of our "coast line," as Blaine contended, it ought to be as near us as possible. Indeed, we fearlessly assert that every unnecessary mile between a country and its coast line is a confessed blunder, either of man or nature. But if a canal is to be thought of simply as a channel through which to get ships as speedily and safely as possible, the question becomes one of actual sailing time, not of measured distances on the map.

On this point the Commission deal a blow to vulgar prejudice, and let the wind out of much Senatorial oratory, by quietly remarking that, in the matter of time consumed, the Nicaragua Canal would be only "somewhat" more advantageous than the Panama route to a vessel plying between San Francisco and New York. The reason is that it will require thirty-three hours for a ship to pass through the Nicaragua Canal, while but twelve will suffice at Panama. We think the Commission might have gone somewhat further than this. Gen. Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A., one of the leading engineers of the world, has made a very close examination of this question, and

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publishes his results in the December *Atlantic*. He finds the relative times of transit to be: by Panama, 10 hours, 50 minutes; by Nicaragua, 43 hours, 41 minutes. This practically wipes out the difference in sea distance. As Gen. Abbot puts it, "a steamer leaving New York via Panama is really ten hours nearer Honolulu, and less than five hours further from San Francisco, than if she went by way of Nicaragua." This is saying nothing of the greater chance of detention, accident, etc., in the longer and more curving Nicaragua Canal.

But it is useless to labor such technical points of engineering and sea-travel, inasmuch as the decision favoring Nicaragua is confessedly made on the score of more facile Government ownership. Even so, the careful Commission qualify their verdict by saying that it is made "assuming that Nicaragua and Costa Rica recognize the value of the canal to themselves, and are prepared to grant concessions on terms which are reasonable and acceptable to the United States." Here, then, is still an unknown *x* in the equation. One thing is certain. Nicaragua will insist upon retaining nominal sovereignty over the canal, and will make us pay smartly for any long-term lease carrying with it control of traffic and policing of the canal. She will not hold her property at a lower figure, we may be sure, for having learned from our Commission that she has what the United States is determined to buy at any price. In the Commission's estimate of $200,000,000 cost, nothing is set down for buying a right of way. It is to be hoped that the Nicaraguans will not exact too many millions additional; but they are certainly in a position to squeeze rich and careless Uncle Sam hard.

The French Panama Company seems to have lost its chance through too much trust in logic and lucidity. Its route was demonstrably the best and cheapest, ergo it was nonsense to suppose that the United States would select another. All that the Panama people had to do was to sit tight and our Government would come to their terms in the end. What, spend $50,000,000 more and take five years more time to build a canal at Nicaragua? This would be a *sottise* to the French mind, and the shrewd Americans would never be guilty of it. So the Panama Company fenced and delayed, and finally, when it took alarm, was not able to make a clear-cut proposal for the sale of its property. The Frenchmen must see now that inter-oceanic canals, when undertaken in pursuance of national policy, are but one illustration more of how little logic has to do in governing the world.

The canal is not yet dug. Many preliminaries remain even before the first spadeful of earth can be thrown out, and the Commission estimate that it will take ten years to build the canal after a beginning is made. We must yet hope that some way will be found to take over the Panama property. A canal two-fifths done already, capable of being finished in six or seven years at a cost of $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 less; a better natural route, a safer work when completed—surely common sense on both sides should find some way of preventing the enormous waste of capital which would result if the Panama Canal were to be wholly abandoned now. However that may be, the condition previous to any canal is the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Until that be had we cannot build or own either canal. It is now the unfinished business in the secret session of the Senate, and should be pressed to a speedy vote. Our honor and our interest alike demand its approval. Only by means of it can we hope to see the dreams of Goethe and Humboldt realized, and a great waterway for peaceful commerce opened between the Atlantic and Pacific.

THE OVERREACHING OF CUBA.

In Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' it will be remembered, the three sons set their wits to work to vitiate their father's will while still inheriting under it. It forbade them to wear shoulder-knots, or gold lace, or silver fringe, or embroidery on their coats; but, by a little clever manipulation of the language of his last will and testament, they managed to be in the height of the fashion at the same time that they professed implicit obedience to the paternal commands. For example, the word meaning fringe meant also broomstick; doubtless their father meant them to avoid wearing silver broomsticks, and who more scrupulous than they in heeding that injunction? If they wore embroidery, it was not "in the sense as forbidden by their father," but only in so far as it was "a commendable custom and of great use to the public."

The need of a satirist to lash similar hypocrisy in our dealings with Cuba will soon be urgent. The evidence that the Administration means to juggle with the country's plighted faith in the matter of a Cuban government is accumulating on every hand. Not once since the war with Spain has one officer of the American Government mentioned the word independence in any official promise to the Cubans. The President's message refers with marked coldness, and vagueness phenomenal even for him, to the whole subject. Secretary Root, in his annual report, touches upon the question of the future Cuban Government, but only to express doubt of the capacity of the Cubans to govern themselves, and covertly to threaten them if they do not prove ductile to his will. What else can he mean by speaking of the "uncertainty as to the continuance of a market for her [Cuba's] products"? Does he intend to begin a tariff war on Cuban sugar and tobacco, if annexation sentiment does not develop as he would like to see it?

More significant than these negative signs, more tell-tale even than the operations of "the Cuban Company" in the island, is the inspired announcement of the Administration's programme as made by Mr. Walter Wellman in the *Review of Reviews*. He professes to speak the mind of Mr. Root and President McKinley, and what he says is fully in line with the "feelers" put out by many recent diners at the White House, and with the information that comes to us privately from entirely trustworthy sources. In a word, the scheme is to set up a crippled dependency of the United States and call it an independent and sovereign state. Cuba is to be allowed no army. She may create no navy. She is to enjoy no diplomatic relations with other countries. All her foreign relations will be attended to at Washington. Finally, she will not be permitted to make a public loan. All these essential attributes of sovereignty having been stripped from her, she will be expected to rise up and call us blessed. After having cut off both her arms and one leg, we shall tell her that she is gloriously fitted by our kindness to run an independent career.

This is brutal enough, but we do not give Swift his real chance until we undertake to reconcile our conduct with our solemnly pledged word. Here is where Mr. Wellman comes out with his little 'Tale of a Tub.' The "inevitable question" arises, he says, whether such treatment of Cuba as he outlines would be an "honorable redemption" of our pledge. He admits that a great majority of the people both of Cuba and the United States would declare that it is not; but he adds that "a minority," and "among them the President of the United States and his official advisers," believe that it would be a "keeping of that pledge in a *practical* and not in a *sentimental* sense." There we have Swift's Peter, Martin, and Jack over again, flouting their father's express will, because to do so would be of "great use to the public."

We shall not let Mr. Root off with any quibble about "independence." It is clear as daylight that when Congress declared the island of Cuba to be of right "free and independent," it had in mind no such miserable shift as Mr. Wellman now says the Secretary of War has planned. Let that go. Congress also called the world to witness that it disclaimed "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or *control* over said island." Is it no "control" of Cuba to take away its power of defence? No control to say that it shall have no

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means of diplomatic representation with other nations? No control to forbid it to borrow a dollar? How, if we do these things, are we going to keep our pledge in a "practical sense," or any other sense? The practical sense, to which Mr. Wellman says the President is so devoted, means to admit that we lied.

This, we say, is the moral humiliation to which the Administration is planning to subject the country. People have besought the President to make to the Filipinos the same promises we made to the Cubans. His policy is, rather, to shuffle out of the promises we made to the Cubans, and treat them as he is treating the Filipinos. Instead of a nation that fears the one Jehovah, swearing to its own hurt and changing not, he would have us again exhibit to mankind "the incomparable pliancy of a polytheist." The issue is exceeding simple. Do not say that we ought not to have given the pledge—we gave it. Do not urge that it would be better for the Cubans to have us control them—we said we would not do it. We dared not enter upon war with Spain without invoking the considerate judgment of mankind, and professing the most unselfish motives. We cannot now thrust our tongues in our cheeks and say that it was all humbug and hypocrisy. Yet the acknowledged intention of the Administration is thus to trifle with our sacred honor. To compass its plans it is trusting partly to luck, partly to time, and more to the deadening of the conscience of the American people. For our part, we speak out now, as we shall to the end, to protest against an act which would, on the part of the United States, be one of simple infamy.

IF THE PROPHET NATHAN CAME TO NEW YORK.

In the necessary lull which has come in the outer and organized work for the rescue of the city, it is a good time for searching our hearts and asking ourselves if we have really measured the task which lies before us, and our own fitness to undertake it. Dr. Huntington forcibly said, in his address last week to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, that any reform worth praying and working for must strike deeper than the current talk of politicians and business men would lead us to think they mean to go. We must lay the axe to the root of the tree. We cannot cut away vice if we spare the system which creates vice. Is it, in fact, the existence of vice which distresses us, or the mere fact that it flaunts itself in the streets? Do we repent of our sins, or simply regret their unpleasant consequences? We fear that a Tacitus, recording the outlook for reform in New York, would say that we were too much like the Roman Emperor in fixing our eyes upon evils instead of, as we should, upon their remedies.

It is needful to use great plainness of speech. In the mere matter of determining responsibility for the conditions in our city—which make its residents, as Gibbon said of the citizens of Naples, feel that they are living "on the confines of paradise and hell-fire"—the truth has not been set forth nakedly. A prophet's fire and fearlessness would be needed to do it. If Nathan were to come to New York and be as unflinching in dealing with us as he was in laying bare the guilt of his king, should we find him prophesying smooth things? Would he point to Croker or to Platt—miserable spawn of corruption that they both are—as the true fount and source of all our misery? No, he would pierce to underlying causes. He would rebuke the real sinners. If the prophet Nathan came to New York, he would see to it that judgment began at the house of God. He would go to those clergymen who have sought and accepted Croker's aid in securing legislation—good legislation, of course—at Albany. He would seek out Platt's pastor. He would go to the Catholic priests who have taken rich gifts from the Tammany crew—known to be blood-money. He would enter those sanctuaries where sit honored members and officers of the Christian church who regularly turn over their checks for blackmail or for bribery to Croker and Platt. Before all these unconfessed and unrebuked sinners the prophet of God would stand, and, singling out each one with flaming eye and accusatory finger, he would say, "Thou art the man!"

In like manner he would go to every newspaper that crawls in the dust to get police advertising from Croker and Platt, and that makes a tacit league with hell as a part of the contract. He would go to that railroad president who told his friends at dinner that he liked the boss system—it was so much simpler to pay over $100,000 to Platt and Croker each in one check and have no more trouble. He would not omit to visit that head of a great insurance company who said, "Pay? Of course we pay, and to both sides alike. But if I am called on to testify, I shall swear I know nothing about it." To all of these citizens, to the men of wealth and standing, many of whom, as Mr. Hewitt boldly said to the Chamber of Commerce, were there present, though they had done their best to fasten the clutch of Tammany upon the city, the prophet Nathan would sternly say, "Corruption? Ye are a potent cause of it. Reform? Ye are a part of the thing to be reformed."

Nor would the seer fail to touch with his spear of truth many of the men who are loudest in their cries of horror at Tammany wickedness. How the politician-denouncers of Tammany would shrivel before him! He would show us that they wished to cast out Croker only to install in his place seven devils worse than he; that they cried out on the Tammany prostitution of the police force only so that they might obtain control of it themselves for purposes fully as vile; that they exclaimed against the revenue from crime and death only because they wanted to see it diverted to their own pockets.

Of what we say, the sum is this. We shall get no reform worth the name by political arrangements. Politics has sunk us into the pit where we lie, and can never pull us out. A party, or what calls itself a party, may turn Tammany out of office; but if the thing be done in the name of politics, it will be only a passing spasm of virtue, and our last state will soon be worse than our first. Put it down first and foremost that the business we have in hand is a moral reform of the whole community. We have a disease to attend to, not symptoms. It is not an election, but a moral crusade which we are facing in this city. No man should come forward to engage in it, or be allowed to engage in it, unless he will abjure politics, renounce the devil and all his works, and pluck out an eye or cut off a hand if it offends. We are convinced that the conscience of the city has already been stirred, and can be greatly roused. A mighty movement may result. The politicians will try to get their hands on it; but it is for those who see clear and think straight to insist upon it, in season and out of season, that the city is to be saved, not by parties or political leaders, but by the application of elementary morals and the plain principles of civic pride and unselfish patriotism.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, November 24, 1900.

Your note on the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury in the *Nation*, No. 1845, and a review of Brooks Adams's 'America's Economic Supremacy' in the *Spectator*, have quickened my intention to say something in regard to that foreign policy which I have studied, with more than the general advantages of a journalist, since Lord Salisbury last assumed the Government in 1895. And though what you say of his laboring "for peace and the future" is in one sense perfectly true, it is also true that he would have done more in the same direction if he had simply disarmed England, and consented to the eclipse which Mr. Adams very clearly and correctly indicates as the future of England. Whether Lord Salisbury has correctly judged the temper of the nation and found that it will no longer accept the burthen of leading Europe as it did in the first half of the century, or whether, as seems to be the general opinion in England, his nerves have given out, and a quite un-English timidity taken possession of him, it is hard to decide. What is clear is, that he has in several instances maintained peace by simply putting off the evil day for a worse occasion, and abandoning positions taken up with firm purpose and

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which the future security of England made of high importance.

In justice to the Conservative Government, however, it must be said that the preceding Ministry had made the position delicate by setting an example of a yielding policy towards France, so that when the Conservatives came to the government, a return to the old policy of a firm front to French aggression would have been understood as hostility and an aggressive tendency. But Salisbury went further than Rosebery in yielding to the insistent pressure of France, whose Government, recognizing his ultra-pacific temper, carried on a system of little encroachments, to each of which he submitted for the sake of peace, until he has finally, for the sake of peace, been driven a distance which he would have refused to go had it been put to him in the totality, even at the cost of fighting. Thus, the violation of the treaty which bound France not to go to Tunis, along with the pledge not to fortify or make a military port of Biserta, the invasions of the hinterland in Africa, etc., etc., were submitted to as "points not worth fighting about," while the general policy of which they were the details would have driven England to war if seen in the ensemble. When these aggressions went so far as to occupy Fashoda, a territory once occupied and always claimed by Egypt, and from which France had been emphatically warned, the pacific Briton flashed out and the toe kicked.

But, for this change of temper, there were two reasons beyond the general policy of peace at any price which had prevailed in European affairs. The great scheme of a trans-African railway, the "Cape-to-Cairo" scheme, was the big thing of the day, for which Englishmen might be willing to fight, though I doubt it; but a more imperious consideration, and one respect for which is a *sine qua non* of the maintenance of England's position in Egypt, was the feeling of the best people there that the possession of the head waters of the Nile made the power which held them the arbiter of the prosperity of Egypt, and were France their possessor the task of governing the country would become an impossible one for England. I was a witness of the negotiations between England and Italy concerning the occupation of Kassala, which had become indispensable to the security of the Italian colony against the raids of the Dervish bands. The proposal of Italy to assume a position on the branch of the Nile which furnished the fertilizing waters for its floods, produced a panic at Cairo, through the idle fear that some day it might be in the interest of Italy to turn the waters of that branch away from the Nile; and the English negotiators were obliged to insist, in the conditions of the treaty, on the engagement of the Italian Government to recede Kassala whenever the Egyptian Government was ready to take possession and should demand it. The negotiations finally broke off, and the treaty was only made long after—when the agitation in Egypt had been forgotten—and included the pledge to evacuate whenever Cairo demanded it. But the idle scare about Kassala was as a dream compared to that which the possession of the Nile so near its sources would have been, and the maintenance of the French possession of Fashoda was a notice to England to quit, for, by the alliance with Abyssinia and the supremacy over the tribes to the West, France could have poured into the valley above Khartum a force which would have swept Egypt clean of all the forces England could muster, to say nothing of damming the Nile temporarily, and causing for one year at least a famine which the popular anticipation would have made worse than that of Joseph's days. Even so I question whether Salisbury, left to himself, would not have submitted to this last aggression for the sake of peace, had not Cromer, a more energetic and abler man, determined the issue.

There is no public opinion in England concerning foreign affairs. I am told that no ministry ever fell on a question of foreign policy. Englishmen, even of the more intelligent classes, neither know nor care for European matters, and are quite indifferent as to whether England has a friend on the Continent or not. The blind faith in England's invincibility, born of the long supremacy during and after the Napoleonic wars, still lingers, and makes Englishmen indifferent to the fact that great Powers have risen in these days, and that the control of Europe has passed into other hands; so they take no interest in the changes going on. I question if Lord Salisbury himself realizes that the most implacable and inveterate enemy of England is France, whom no concession of questions in debate will ever placate, and nothing satisfy but the humiliation, indisputable and complete, of perfidious Albion, for he goes on buying peace of his enemy by consenting to petty aggressions which would, if tried on any other first-rate Power, cause a war at once. Imagine the Emperor of Germany with the treaty in his hands by which France bound herself not to occupy Tunis and not to fortify Biserta, the most important naval station in the Mediterranean, seeing the treaty cynically ignored in both respects! And if it be said that the matter is not worth making a protest over, why have made a treaty over it?

One of the journals of Lord Salisbury's party eulogizes his wisdom in getting out of the Armenian demonstration without war; but why in the name of common sense did he get into it? He, and he alone, provoked the question and dragged Italy and Austria into it, and then backed out of it, leaving Italy to pay the costs. It was a shabby affair from beginning to end—the first a sheer piece of empty bullying, and the last a shameful desertion of the allies. To give him credit for getting out of it without war is putting his political deficiencies to the credit of his account. It is the least creditable incident of Lord Salisbury's career as Foreign Minister, and that it has never been put before the English public as it merited, is owing to the vague ideas on foreign policy entertained even by the leaders of the Opposition. When the Italian Government, on asking the Emperor of Germany, as arbiter of the Triple Alliance, if it might accept the invitation of Lord Salisbury to join in the Armenian movement, he, in the most hearty spirit, replied, "Yes, and I will back you to the last man." This practically meant the combination of Germany, Italy, and Austria with England in the pressure on Turkey—a combination which there was no power in Europe to resist, and which, by an altogether not-to-be-hoped-for contingency, placed England at the head, *pro tem.*, of European affairs. I have long ago done feeble justice in your pages to the disgraceful and ill-timed intrusion of the United States at this moment with the Venezuela affair, which remains an indelible disgrace to President Cleveland; but had Salisbury acted with promptness, this pressure of our Government would have been ineffectual, because there would have been no war in Europe to embarrass England, and had he, even then, met the United States with the concession which he was later obliged to make, that of arbitration, he would not only have escaped trouble in Europe, but would have left the United States no ground to raise difficulties on. Add to this, that he refrained from making a reply to our demand so long that he created an irritation which need not have existed, and we shall see that the whole series of incidents exhibits the utter want of the nerve and decision which are required for the administration of the complicated foreign relations of England. It was nothing but muddle from beginning to end, and, with any Continental Power, would have resulted in the dismissal from power of the Ministry.

It was the same bungling which we saw in the South African affair again, and was even more disastrous. I have no doubt that, but for Chamberlain, the Boer difficulty would have ended in a transaction which would have been only the prelude to the loss of Cape Colony by the British Government. There is in my mind no question that the timid, always retreating policy of England during late years, had convinced the Boers and their friends on the Continent (who are all the enemies of England), that the English Ministry would yield without fighting to the demands of the Boers for absolute independence, and that the Boers counted on the Continental embarrassments practically paralyzing England in resisting them. Here again the mistaken policy of the English Government in irritating all of the Powers in rotation had been responsible for this state of friendlessness, which they call "splendid isolation" and on which Lord Salisbury has prided himself, and which encouraged the Boers in their determined provocation of war, issuing in the ultimatum and declaration of war.

That England did not believe that there would be war in South Africa is no doubt the reason of the imperfection of the preparations, but the fault is the same as in the Armenian affair, that the Government acted with culpable frivolity in making war possible and not anticipating the consequences. It was bad government. If the Paris Exhibition had been out of the way, things might have been different; and Lord Salisbury will not understand, or has only lately understood, that France waits implacably for her opportunity, that all his concessions are as ineffectual as offerings to Fate, and that all the balancing between the French and the German tendencies which has been the persistent weakness of the English Government for twenty years has the inevitable result of leaving them both acutely hostile. It is with keen satisfaction, therefore, that I see the agreement of England and Germany in the Far East—a counsel of despair, no doubt, on the part of England, but inevitable if she is to hold her own in Europe. Lord Salisbury, in common with too many English statesmen, has resisted it persistently ever since the German Empire was formed, but if there is a policy for England pointed out to a dispassionate student of politics, it is that of a close alliance with Germany, as the only

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security for the world's peace. The Whys and the Why-nots of this policy are too long to go into thoroughly, but the main motive is that the interests of both countries consist in the maintenance of the *status quo*, and the principal difficulty has been the obstinate antagonism of England to German colonial progress, the blind refusal of one commercial community to share its markets with another commercial community. This has led to useless and ever-embittering animosities, the result of which on the whole has been the creation of a mutual national hostility that almost impedes the necessary understanding between the two nations having the most to gain by peace in all Europe. If, at this late hour, Lord Salisbury has come to recognize that the good relations with Germany which were offered him unconditionally in 1895 are indispensable to the plans of England in the Far East, he has only made the bargain which Rome made with the Sibyl when she took what remained of the oracular books; five years have been wasted. There has never been any reasonable cause for doubt that Germany was ready for an advantageous understanding with England on the basis of the preservation of peace in Europe and mutual concessions in colonial questions, nor has Germany ever desired conditions unfavorable to the peaceful interests of any other European Power, so that the apprehension that a league with Germany meant hostilities with France had not the shadow of justification. I know from authority which cannot be questioned, that the supposed hostility to England in the mind of the German Emperor has never had any existence, and that the bitterness which has been growing up since 1882 between the publics on both sides has grown out of the illiberality of England towards Germany in colonial affairs.

The diplomatic record of this question is one which should make any fair-minded Englishman blush, but which few Englishmen care to study. All that Germany has ever asked for in colonial matters was the equal chance of an equal nation in the advantages that might derive from colonial extension, and against the concession of this the commercial world in England has steadily protested. The policy of England, under Liberal as under Conservative governments, has been to conciliate France by the intermittent showing of the cold shoulder to Germany, but without ever showing either effective friendship to France or effective hostility to Germany, and the easily foreseen consequence has been to fan the animosity of both nations to England. Everybody's friend is nobody's friend, and this the English people is very slow in finding out. This practice of conciliating France by intermittent abandonment of positions deliberately taken up as important, has been carried further by Lord Salisbury than has ever been prudent, or recognized as such by Lord Rosebery, and on both sides of the Rhine it has been understood as a tacit recognition of the weakness of England. Whether this vacillating, generally timid and always ineffective policy be imposed by public opinion in England, or be the consequence of the want of nerve in the Minister, as seems to be the opinion of some of his most sincere supporters, is not for me to say; but that the nervelessness is there, more than one of his apologists have admitted, and in some quarters of Conservatism the demand for his putting off the charge of foreign affairs has been insistent and continued, and I question if any party section has been satisfied with his conduct of them. Peace he certainly worked for and kept, but I am convinced that, in the quest, he has made useless sacrifices which have only postponed decisions that must finally be made at the same cost as, or perhaps a much heavier one than, was originally demanded, and that he has sacrificed the future to the present peace.

W. J. Stillman.

BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

Paris, November 23, 1900.

M. Frédéric Masson reminds one of a sculptor who makes a monument of a great man and places below on the pedestal basreliefs representing the most striking incidents in his life. Consciously or unconsciously, he gives to Napoleon a higher stature in each of his successive volumes on him, and reduces the members of his family to that of pigmies. He has a curious and, in one sense, interesting way of working. He has no system, no method, he does not follow the chronological order. He writes under the spur of the documents which he discovers or which fall into his hands. Last year, for instance, he gave us a magnificent quarto volume on 'Josephine, Empress and Queen.' He had before told us all about Josephine's early days, her family, her father Beauharnais; this year he studies Josephine at the time when she became acquainted with Bonaparte, and his study brings him to the somewhat unexpected conclusion that Josephine, who, once married to Bonaparte, lived for several years in constant fear of a divorce, had herself thought of divorcing Bonaparte in the early period of her marriage. M. Masson tells us that this marriage was never considered by her, at first, in the light of a permanent union. Divorce had become very easy in the time of the Directory, and consequently the marriage tie had ceased to be much respected.

Napoleon Bonaparte and Josephine had only a civil marriage. There was no opposition to it, as they were both of age. She gave herself out as having been born on the 23d of June, 1767, though she was really born on the 23d of June, 1763; Napoleon made himself older by one year. These inexactitudes, however, could not invalidate the marriage. Bonaparte had insisted upon having a civil marriage, whereas Josephine would probably have dispensed with it, and would willingly have been to the rising General what she had been to Barras.

"Napoleon," says M. Masson, "wanted this ceremony; he cared about it. With the passionate desire which he felt to acquire, and, so to speak, to stabilize his acquisition, to have a legal title (for, in some respects, he remained the son of a lawyer), he thought by this ceremony to assure himself the mistress who he feared might otherwise escape, and over whom he thus established a right. First, he loves her with his twenty-six years, which had remained chaste, with his virgin temperament, with the ardor of his meridional blood, and it is a joy for him to possess at last one of these women of Paris, 'the only women who knew how to love, and who deserved to be loved.' Then, if he loves the woman, he loves also the viscountess, who will give him an entrance into the world to which he aspires; the social being who will give him a footing in society. He does not merely marry his mistress, he marries a great lady, the old régime. Too inexperienced to judge, too young to understand, too provincial to know, he believes that such a marriage is a marriage, and that it counts."

Nobody is there to tell him that a religious marriage is a necessity. Who are his witnesses? Barras, the former lover of Josephine, and Lemarois, one of his own aides-de-camp. Who are Josephine's witnesses? The corrupt Tallien, and an unknown person. Bonaparte is, besides, still in the Jacobin camp. Gen. Vendémiaire, as he was called at the time, the friend of Robespierre the younger, of Ricord, Saliceti, must be content with a civil marriage. As for Josephine, she knows very well what she is doing; in her eyes, a civil marriage counts for nothing, it will be very easy to break the tie. A religious marriage would be of more consequence. It would unclass her, for it is the only real marriage in the eyes of the people whose opinion is of value for her. She loses for a time her title of Viscountess, but if Bonaparte ceases to please, she will become again the Viscountess de Beauharnais. The world, her world, will ignore, or feign to ignore, her having been anything else. M. Masson speaks severely of her:

"On her part, you will find no idea of duty, no disinterested thought, no dream of love for a lifetime; at best, an impulse of the senses, a caprice, an amusement. . . . She has struggled since her childhood in an abyss of misfortunes and of annoyances out of which she has succeeded in emerging only by expedients. And it is an expedient she finds at the hour when, ruined, getting older, without consideration, she has no right to raise difficulties."

Napoleon leaves his wife, two days after the marriage, and goes to Italy; he rapidly wins victory after victory, and, between two battles, he writes letters to Josephine, urging her to come and join him. Some of these letters have been preserved, but were not printed in the voluminous correspondence of Napoleon, published under the Second Empire. They are the letters of an impatient lover. Josephine was not so impatient; she was fond of pleasure, of amusement, and thought she could find it better in Paris than in Italy. She was the slave of pleasure; and pleasure was for her the need of seeing, of being seen, of getting up parties, of showing herself in theatres, of being out of her own house and of visiting people. After long resistance, she consents to leave Paris. She finds her husband very tyrannical, and complains of the fatiguing continuity of his passion. She has a lover to console her, Charles, adjutant to Leclerc, a young and amiable officer, very vulgar, but very gay and entertaining. He helps Josephine in everything; he knows how to entertain her; he can make puns; he can vary her amusements. Bonaparte is only the useful husband, who conquers Italy, who can give her plenty of money, who brings to her feet the presents of the Italian cities and the princes. She hardly understands the homage which is paid to her; but she can appreciate the diamonds, the gems, the pictures, the works of art. She does not seem to understand her new part, and probably does not understand it.

"She does not see that each day, after each battle gained, in this Italy five times conquered, Bonaparte changes from a little Jacobin, from a general of *émeutes*, which he was yesterday, into a hero and a liberator. She does not see that he is now

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giving a real shape to his ambition, and is determining in his own thought that he is a leader of men. She does not even care much for his triumphs through Switzerland, France, Paris."

When Bonaparte leaves for Egypt, she remains in Paris and lives in a whirlwind of amusements. She does not try to conceal her relations with M. Charles, who, thanks to her, has become a partner in a firm of contractors. She imitates Mme. Tallien, who made a fortune with Ouvrard; she receives money from all sides, and M. Charles has a part of it. Prodigal that she is, she has days of distress, but she always finds credit. As for her husband, she cares only for the allowance he makes her and for his name, as long as she wears it, for at this time she seems quite resolved upon a divorce and ready to ask for it. She speaks of it to Barras, to Rewbell, to Gohier, to Réal. She means to marry Charles. "Such," says M. Masson, "is her life in the four years since she was married, of which she has spent at the utmost twelve months with Bonaparte and two years at least with Charles." If she has not entered into irretrievable legal proceedings, it is not her fault, but that of circumstances. "As for Bonaparte, he married Josephine, well knowing that she had had lovers, that he had been one of them, that she had been his mistress for a fortnight before she became his wife; but he had effaced all this from his mind. He felt as if he had no right over her. Even married, he does not feel certain that he has any. He does not command, he is a suppliant. He still feels inferior, so great to him is her prestige." He is really in love, and distance adds to his passion. Some of the letters which he wrote her from Egypt could not be printed. They were suppressed, I believe, by Prince Napoleon, who had charge of the publication of Napoleon's correspondence. He was receiving in Egypt letters from Paris which informed him of the conduct of his wife. Her open relations with Charles were revealed to him. A very characteristic letter of Eugène Beauharnais to his mother shows that Napoleon knew all. He writes to her from Egypt:

"Bonaparte for the past five days has seemed very sad after conversations with Julien, Junot, and Berthier. He seems more affected than I should have expected by these conversations. What I have heard comes to this: 'Charles has been in your carriage, at three post-towns round Paris. You have seen him in Paris; you have been with him at the Italian Theatre, he gave you his little dog, etc.' You will think, mamma, that I don't believe this, but what is certain is that the General has been much affected by it. He is, however, more amiable towards me than ever. He seems, by his actions, to intimate that the children are not responsible for the faults of their mother. But your son likes to believe that all this talk has been invented by your enemies. He loves you none the less, and desires to embrace you. I hope that, when you come, all will be forgotten."

All was not forgotten; Josephine did not join her husband in Egypt; he returned to France. The story of his return is well known, as well as the scene with Josephine. Napoleon came back intending to separate from her; he saw the members of his family before he saw her, and they were all hostile to Josephine. Her tears, her supplications, when she succeeded in seeing him, soon got the better of his anger; he pardoned her. Bonaparte was always weak in her presence. He never afterwards made her any reproaches; but, as M. Masson says, "he now feels liberated, he considers that now he can choose women as he likes." The idea of a divorce has now entered his head. M. Masson's interesting pages show clearly that this idea first originated in Josephine's mind, that she had never taken her marriage very seriously; she does so only when Bonaparte rises and assumes more heroic proportions. She feels, when she sees all France preparing to confide her destinies to him, that she must change her life and show him more devotion. She is now as afraid of a divorce as she was at one time eager for it. Bonaparte is accustoming his mind to the idea of it, the more as his power increases. He still feels the seductiveness which he felt from the beginning; but he feels that some day or another the separation must take place. The history of the relations of Bonaparte and Josephine is one of the most interesting psychological documents in history.

Correspondence.

THE FIRESIDE TO MR. McKINLEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir:

"The business men in every part of the country, typified by this great organization, were a mighty factor in the recent contest. And may we not also ascribe much to the influence of the home, with its affiliations? In any previous election was it greater, or in any did the counsels of the fireside determine more largely the vote of the electors?"

So said Mr. McKinley at a meeting of the Union League Club of Philadelphia, not long ago. Notwithstanding the absurdity of the claim, now, after the political battle is fought and won, it is not remarkable that President McKinley should attempt to array the moral forces of the country on his side, and that the "influence of the home" and "the counsels of the fireside" should by him be brought forward as factors contributing largely to his success. This slight "acknowledgment" of the women of the country could, at this time, do him no possible injury, while, on the other hand, a few sugar-coated pellets, judiciously administered, might prove efficacious in soothing the evident irritation of a large class who, although without recognized political influence, may, in the not distant future, become a power to be reckoned with.

Perhaps never before in the history of this country have the issues at stake involved greater or more far-reaching principles than did those which confronted the people during the campaign which has recently ended, and it may be safely asserted that never before has the interest of intelligent women been more thoroughly aroused. It is to be observed, however, that this interest was not occasioned by their enthusiasm for the principles involved in Mr. McKinley's policy. Women, as a rule, whatever their degree of intelligence, are opposed to war, spoliation, and conquest; it is only reasonable, therefore, that they should be averse to the present régime, and especially to the growing tendency towards militarism and despotism.

When viewed by the light of actual facts, it will be readily perceived that Mr. McKinley's adroit "acknowledgment" of the part played by women in the interest of the Republican party, during the recent campaign, is pointless, and that, notwithstanding the saccharine quality of the sop thrown out to them, no sensible woman will be lured by it. The result of the late election was exactly what might have been expected in an age in which greed constitutes the motive force in human action; it might have been and doubtless was foreseen that the sordid appeals to selfishness which were scattered broadcast over the country would result in a victory for the forces which are organized for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. It matters not that these appeals were senseless—that they were employed for no other purpose than to deceive the ignorant masses: the point to be observed is that they accomplished the object for which they were intended.

As has been truly said, "The great American stomach has spoken." In other words, a majority of the voters of this country have shown themselves too selfish to consider principles involving the rights of others, too bloodthirsty to desire the blessings of peace and good-will to men. Bloodthirstiness and inordinate greed are sure evidences of a low and brutalized state of human society—a state of society in which the principles of justice and honor are ignored, and in which only those measures which promise immediate opportunities for personal gain are worthy of consideration. With bullets we force our religion and our vices on peaceable peoples, and are surprised that they fail to appreciate the blessings which we confer upon them.

Were the results of the late election an expression of all the people, then might we well fear for the future of this country; but when it is remembered that the desires and opinions of only one-half the people were registered, that only few more than half those who voted cast their ballots for Mr. McKinley, and that fully one-third of those who sanctioned his policy did so under protest, we may not lose all hope that this country may yet be redeemed from the position of dishonor into which it has been dragged.

Eliza Burt Gamble.

Detroit, Mich., December 3, 1900.

THE SHIP-SUBSIDY BILL AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Respected Friend: In order fully to understand the arguments of those who are urging this bill, it is necessary to bear in mind that the excuse for the subsidy is not that the trans-oceanic carrying-trade is unprofitable, but only that it is unprofitable under the American flag. Probably no one has more accurate knowledge of this subject than the President of the International Navigation Company. In his testimony before the Senate Committee last winter, as reported in the newspapers, he gave the following very significant information: "The four fast ships never made the Company a dollar, and he figured the net loss to the Company at $415,600 annually. The eleven ships under foreign flags supported the other ships." Of course it is understood that the other four ships were under the American flag. In a subsequent interview, with a representative of the New York *Herald*, he explained that the loss on the four ships was mainly on account of the higher "wages which we are compelled to pay while sailing under the American flag, as compared with what we should have to pay under

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the British flag." The point to which I wish to call particular attention is the inherent profitableness of the business. Here we have a transatlantic steamship company, with fifteen ships, sacrificing $415,600 annually on the altar of an alluring sentiment—an impalpable form of patriotism tangibly represented by four unprofitable ships—and gaining a satisfactory profit on the capital required to own and run eleven ships besides. In other words, the eleven ships yield at least $415,600 clear gain annually above a sufficient profit.

Even if we accept the facts as marshalled by those who are advocating the bill, the situation, reduced to its simplest terms, is just this: Our navigation laws have practically driven the American merchant marine from the high seas. These laws are maintained, ostensibly, for the protection of American labor. Instead of protecting American labor, they have suppressed a wide field for American labor. It is now proposed to reestablish the American merchant marine on the high seas, not by repealing the laws that destroy it, but by the taxation of American labor.

We are told that if the navigation laws were repealed, ships sailing under the American flag would be manned by foreign labor. But certainly it would be better to have ships sailing under the American flag manned by foreign labor than to have either no ships at all under the American flag, or ships under the American flag maintained by the taxation of American labor. It should be remembered that sailing the ships would be very far from all the labor that a merchant marine under the American flag would involve. If the ships under the American flag were to be sailed by foreign labor, as alleged, it would only be because American labor would be more profitably employed in building and repairing the ships, and in making American goods and preparing them for shipment.

With the American flag restored to the high seas by a subsidy, we should have a merchant marine reconstructed and maintained, not by the profits of commerce, but by the taxation of the American people. All the merchandise transported on these ships must be laid down in the foreign markets for less than cost. This is evident, for the avowed purpose of the subsidy is to make up the difference between cost of transportation and the value accruing to the goods by being transported. If the cost of transportation is not greater than the value accruing to the goods by being transported, there is clearly no possible need for the subsidy. It would serve only to enrich the transportation companies at the expense of American labor. Of course, there is no objection to the people of the United States bestowing goods on other nations for less than cost, in the way of almsgiving, whenever there is occasion for it. But here almsgiving is neither the intention nor the result. This is not even a case of underselling the market, but of production at a greater cost than the market warrants. It is producing goods at a cost greater than the price at which they can be sold. And, obviously, the loss must fall on the producer, while the consumer neither gains nor loses.

The amount by which the cost of the goods delivered in the foreign market exceeds the price in that market is the extra expense of transportation under the American flag, or, more correctly, under our navigation laws. Of course, the shipper cannot afford to pay this extra cost. It would make the goods cost him more than he would get for them, and, therefore, to charge him with it would simply prohibit him from shipping goods by these ships. Hence, he is charged what he can afford to pay, or the market rates of transportation; and the extra cost, due to our navigation laws, is recovered to the transportation company by the taxation of American labor. All this is ostensibly for the protection of American labor—labor protected by unprofitable industry, which is maintained by the taxation of labor. The proposition is preposterous.

Thou art the apple of my eye, my brother, says Avarice to Labor; it is the desire of my heart to help thee improve thy condition; let me take a dollar from thy pocket, and I will buy thee a crust of bread.

FREEMAN STEWART.

PHILADELPHIA, 12th mo., 7th, 1900.

CROMWELL AND THE COLONIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his Life of Cromwell, Mr. John Morley writes:

"The future growth of vast West Indian interests, of which the seizure of Jamaica was the initial step, has made it possible to depict Cromwell as the conscious author of a great system of colonial expansion. What is undoubtedly true is, that such ideas were alive, nor had the famous tradition of the Elizabethans died. It is perhaps a reading of modern phrases into old events to say that the statesmen of the republic deliberately designed to show that England was not merely a European Power, but the centre of world-wide empire. Be this as it may, Cromwell's colonial policy was that of his predecessors, as it was that of the statesmen who followed him."

How any learned writer, conversant with the early history of the English North American colonies and of the Stuarts' dealings with them, could make the statement that Cromwell's colonial policy was that of his predecessors James and Charles, seems utterly incomprehensible. Has Mr. Morley ever read about the charter and grant of Nova Scotia given by King James to Sir William Alexander, of the commission given to Sir David Kirke to conquer and take possession of a great part of North America? Has he ever read the story of Kirke's conquest of Canada under this commission (he can see the commission in the English Record Office)? Has he never read about this gallant captain's exploit—how he took Quebec and all the French possessions in America, and sent Champlain and all the Frenchmen prisoners to Europe, or how the English King, acting on the policy of scuttle and subserviency to France and Spain, surrendered all this splendid empire to his enemies? How the Second Charles, a pensioner of the French King, basely surrendered the fairest part of Newfoundland to Louis XIV.? None of the Stuart kings took the least interest in or set the least value on the colonies. All their colonial charters were mere gifts to favorites like Baltimore, Hamilton, and Kirke. The constitutional powers that were acquired in Virginia and New England were gained by circumventing these grants. To compare the policy of James the First, who betrayed Raleigh's plans to Spain, and sent him to the scaffold by order of the Spanish Ambassador, or the craven surrenders of Charles, with Cromwell's vigorous action and defiance of both Powers, is an incorrect rendering of history.

The Protector took Jamaica from Spain; he risked a war with France in order to retain Nova Scotia under English rule after Charles had surrendered the colony to France; he extended the British dominions in America from Virginia to Cape Canso, embracing what is now Maine and New Brunswick, while he suppressed rebellion in Barbadoes and an incipient attempt in Virginia. He gave to both New England, the Southern Colony, and Newfoundland protection from all foreign enemies, absolute constitutional liberty, and free government. Never were the colonies so prosperous and contented; never more loyal to the home Government. Cavalier Virginia, after Cromwell's death, proclaimed Richard Protector.

Nowhere is the sagacious statesmanship, the firm, strong hand of Cromwell more conspicuously shown than in his dealings with Newfoundland. For the first time in the history of the unfortunate colony, it had a real Governor supreme ruler over the whole island, its shores protected from invasion, and its great fishing fleet convoyed by men-of-war on their voyages home and to the Mediterranean. For this appointment, Cromwell selected a young American, a New Englander, John Treworgie. His six years' rule is the one bright spot in the sombre annals of the island, and in striking contrast to the succeeding reign of Charles II., who actually ordered the expulsion of all the resident settlers, in order that the fishery might be reserved solely for English adventurers.

It is perhaps placing Cromwell on too high a pedestal of fame to claim for him the immortal honor of being the founder and maker of our colonial empire. Only one man up to that time, Raleigh, had conceived the idea of a vast English dominion, a Greater Britain, beyond the seas; but to the great Protector does belong the supreme merit of protecting and increasing our colonial empire, and of extending to the emigrants the freest constitutional liberty to govern themselves. To say, as Mr. Morley does, that his "colonial policy was like his predecessors', and those who followed him," is a gross injustice to the memory of a great and enlightened ruler and a travesty of authentic history.

D. W. PROWSE.

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, November 24, 1900.

KIDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* of November 22, 1900, your reviewer, reviewing 'The Autobiography of a Tomboy,' asks the author if children were called "kids" in the early sixties. The reviewer has overlooked the age of this expression, as will readily appear from the following quotations:

"The girl still held Oliver fast by the hand. . . . 'So you got the kid,' said Sikes." (*Oliver Twist*, chap. xx., 1837-38.)

"I am old, you say;
Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!"
(Middleton, Massinger & Rowley, *Old Law*, iii. 2., 1656.)

If my books were at hand, I might cite several other instances—one, I think, from Shakspere, but I take the foregoing from

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the Century Dictionary, and think they will be found correct.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
RICHARD F. BURGES.

EL PASO, TEXAS, December 3, 1900.

[We were not speaking to the antiquity of the term, but to its familiar use in this country, which is, we still think, comparatively recent.—ED. NATION.]

VAILS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the complaints recently made by your correspondents from England (*Nation*, Nos. 1841 and 1845), with respect to the feeing of servants in private families, it may be worth noting that the custom is one of long standing, as appears from a piece which was printed in the London *Chronicle* of March 26-28, 1765, xvii. 300. From this article, called "*The* Family Servant's Dialogue, *in a Conversation between* Paulino *and* Ernesto," the following extract is taken:

"*E.* . . . But pray, your scheme?

"*P.* Why then, Sir, I came home with a full resolution to settle with my master, who is just going to house-keeping; but that he is prevailed on by a strange odd fellow of an uncle of his to enter into an association to abolish the giving of vails, on which we parted.

"*E.* Why ay, that's true; this d—d scheme of not giving vails will reduce our finances; but don't they resolve to advance our wages?" A. M.

BOSTON, December 6, 1900.

Notes.

Lea Brothers & Co., Philadelphia, will soon issue 'The Moriscos of Spain, their Conversion and Expulsion,' by Henry Charles Lea, LL.D., in one volume royal 12mo of more than 400 pages.

A new Life of Tennyson will form the second volume in the "Saintly Life Series" begun with Elizabeth Pease Nichol; it is from the pen of Dr. R. F. Horton, and naturally studies its subject ethically and religiously. It will be published by Dutton.

In January, R. H. Russell will bring out reproductions of drawings by Albert Dürer, 'The Apocalypse,' with text by Fitzroy Carrington.

Truslove, Hanson & Comba will shortly reprint 'The Club: or, A Grey Cap for a Green Head: Moral Maxims, Advice, and Cautions, in a Dialogue between a Father and a Son, By James Puckle, N. P.' Austin Dobson furnishes an introduction, and the designs on wood cut by leading engravers of the early part of this century will be the embellishment. They announce also 'Art Crafts for Amateurs,' by Fred. Miller, with numerous illustrations.

Beginning with the new year, the publication house of Felix Dietrich of Leipzig will issue annual volumes of a 'Bibliographie der Deutschen Recensionen,' as a supplement to the 'Bibliographie der Zeitschriften-Literatur.' The editor is the well-known littérateur L. Jellinek, and the purpose is to furnish a list of the book reviews that have appeared during the year 1900 in about 1,000 scientific and technical journals of Germany.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., falling in with the prevailing mode of condensed biography, now issue the first three numbers of the "Riverside Biographical Series"—Andrew Jackson, by W. G. Brown; James B. Eads, by Louis How; and Benjamin Franklin, by Paul E. More. The small volumes are well printed on good paper in open typography, have each a photogravure portrait as frontispiece, and display no research of the picturesque or unusual. What are virtually biographical essays hardly require an index, but an analytical table of contents would be useful. Announced are biographies of William Penn, Gen. Grant, and Lewis and Clark.

Mr. John Fiske's 'Old Virginia and her Neighbors' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has not had long to wait for its glorified edition, in two volumes, fully yet not superabundantly illustrated. The series to which it belongs has set a good example of judgment in this sort of embellishment, and nothing trivial will be found among a great body of carefully selected portraits, views of historic houses, maps, facsimiles of MSS. and of book-titles, etc., etc., which add materially to the intrinsic worth of Mr. Fiske's flowing narrative. Of this we have already spoken critically on its first appearance. The work is beautifully bound.

Mr. J. A. Symonds's 'Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama' has appeared in a cheaper edition (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Scribners). The book is too well known to need extended notice here. Though it is far from being an authoritative work, it contains so much that students wish to know, and is so attractively written, that it will long retain its place in all collections of Elizabethan apparatus. The new edition embodies no changes.

Under the title of 'Shakspere's Life and Work,' Mr. Sidney Lee has prepared an abridgment, chiefly for the use of students, of his 'Life of William Shakspere' (Macmillan). The abridgment is made, as was to be expected, in a workmanlike manner, and, since it is sold for less than a dollar, will doubtless have a wide circulation. The footnotes to the larger edition are omitted, but much of the material they contain is now incorporated into the text. The discussion of the Sonnets is greatly reduced in bulk, but all the essential points in Mr. Lee's arguments are retained. There are a number of good and really instructive illustrations, and the index is elaborate and seems to be trustworthy.

'The Far East: Its History and its Question' (London: Grant Richards; New York: Dutton), by Alexis Krausse, is a kind of reinfusion of the same author's 'Russia in Asia' and 'China in Decay,' drawn off for sipping in the immediate crisis. The tone of the book is one of unblushing commercialism tempered by Russophobia. Like so many modern Maher-shalal-hashbazes (hasteners to the prey), the nations are to go quickly to "take" what they want in China—all but Russia, that is. She is Krausse's nightmare, and he would have all the rest of Europe awake to rescue China from the paw of the Bear. The especial value of his book lies in its appendix of 110 pages, where we have, besides a convenient chronology, copies of the more important treaties and conventions bearing on the Chinese situation. To be thus handily documented in all these larger matters of Chinese diplomacy, the student will be glad to give the volume shelf-room.

Mr. Oliver Herford's 'Overheard in a Garden, et Cetera' (Scribners) is an uneven collection of verse by a genuine and original humorist, whose pencil is never at fault. The decorative designs are here often charming; and in the satirical "Little Chapter on Sport" (wisdom for the child and nominally addressed to him, but calculated for the man) there is a very effective combination of line and wash. The title section fitly stands first, but there is much good fooling in the last "Curtain Calls," and a pretty conceit, "Love and Time," in the miscellaneous group styled "Not in the Garden." The book, while it might have been more severely compiled, will not detract from the author's reputation.

It would be well for our classical instruction if the little book by Anton Malfertheiner, entitled 'Realerklärung und Anschauungs-Unterricht bei der Lectüre der Griechischen Classiker' (Vienna: Pichler) could gain a wide circulation among our teachers. In these days of low-priced reproductions, such as casts, electrotypes, prints, lantern slides, and photographs, there is no excuse for the classical instructor who does not make use of illustrative material, or "Realien," in his teaching. In this little book, which is evidently the first of a series, Professor Malfertheiner gives us nearly one hundred pages of hints in regard to the use of material illustrative of readings in Xenophon, Homer, and Herodotus, and directions for finding such material. He treats the subject partly under such heads as War, Mythology, or Topography; partly, as in his remarks on the Iliad and Odyssey, in the order of the verses. To be sure, some of the books which he cites for illustrations are ordinarily not accessible, but the most important, such as Helbig's 'Das Homerische Epos,' Baumeister's 'Denkmäler,' and Schreiber's Atlas, should be in the hands of every classical teacher. For the Latin teacher a work of this sort has been done by Josef Kubic (Vienna: Hölder) in his books on Cicero and Tacitus and on Horace.

Two recent volumes of the Oxford Classics, Cæsar's 'De Bello Gallico' by R. Du Pontet, and the Vergil by F. A. Hirtzel, fully maintain the well-deserved reputation of this series. Whatever we have said in these columns in commendation of previous volumes we can but repeat with respect to these. Type, paper, handiness of form, conscientious editing—in all these respects they are fully up to the standard of former issues and commend themselves to every lover of good books.

The unrelenting law of averages has rarely been more strikingly exemplified in the domain of social economy than by the recent statistics of the German Empire. Indeed, the figures in some departments are so uniform as to appear to argue a wonderful stability—we might almost say a dead calm—in economic conditions. The number of suicides in each of the years 1896, 1897, and 1898 was between 10,825 and 11,025. The number of emigrants in each of the years 1897, 1898, and 1899 exceeded 20,000 and fell below 25,000. In face, however, of the harmony between the above sets of figures on the score of uniformity, there seems to be no connection between the dismal record of suicides and the tolerableness or intolerableness of existence in the Vaterland, as determined by economic conditions, for the proportion of suicides to the population a

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few years back, when the flood of emigration was very high, was about the same as at present. Lovely Thuringia figures with the largest percentage of suicides in relation to the population, and uninteresting Posen with the smallest.

The rapid increase in the attendance at German universities by women is evident from the following statistics of the largest of these institutions, the University of Berlin. In the summer of 1896 the number was 40, and increased from semester to semester as follows: 96, 116, 169, 193, 281, 186, and 431. Last summer, owing to the introduction of stricter terms of admission, the number was reduced to 301, but in the present semester has risen to 371, of whom 253 are Germans (111 from Berlin) and 118 foreigners, namely, 68 Russians, 34 Americans, 4 Scotch, 3 English, 2 each from France, Rumania, and Bulgaria, and 1 each from Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland. The greater proportion of the women, namely, 338, devote themselves to the history of art and literature, although ancient and modern philology, the natural sciences, and political economy are also favorite studies; 6 study theology, 2 law, and 25 medicine. We may add in conclusion that of the entire number 348 are unmarried, 19 married, and 4 widows.

The baptistery of Albenga was incontestably the most ancient Christian monument remaining entire in Liguria, and among the most ancient of Italy, even after the modern criticism, that is always finding the ancient buildings less old than they were generally believed to be, had assigned it to the end of the eighth century at the earliest. Important restorations now going on for once confirm the popular belief in a greater age—*i. e.*, of the fifth century. Removal of the existing pavement has disclosed the ancient pavement of precious marbles, with remains of the primitive baptismal font and the ciborium that covered it; while simple cleaning about the altar niche has laid bare mosaics similar to those of the mausoleum of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, which dates from A. D. 440. The earth about the baptistery, which had gathered to the depth of eight or ten feet, has been removed, uncovering several tombs, Roman as well as Christian. Remains of painting and sculpture, the pierced marbles filling the windows, a feature of great rarity, and the construction—now, for the first time in centuries, made evident—render the building of great interest to the archæologist. The restorations (by the Ufficio Regionale for Piedmont and Liguria, corresponding to the French Commission des Monuments Historiques) are being conducted with intelligence and conscience.

The study of Byzantine literature, which only in the last decade, and chiefly through the endeavors of Professor Krumbacher of Munich, has been elevated to the rank of a distinct science, has found enthusiastic adherents in France also. The French Byzantinists, notably Bayet, Diehl, Müntz, Omont, and Schlumberger, have united in the publication of a new periodical called *Monuments de l'Art Byzantin*, of which the first volume, containing a study of the cloister of Daphin, near Athens, has already appeared, and six further volumes in the series have been announced. The purpose is chiefly to furnish new material for study. The publisher is Ernest Leroux, Paris.

"Christmas Island" is the subject of a monograph, illustrated by twenty-one plates, some of them colored, and a map, published by the Natural History Department of the British Museum, and based on the collections and observations of Mr. C. W. Andrews, made in 1897-98, during a stay extending over ten months. He describes the physical features and geology, while reports on the fauna and flora are contributed by several members of the Museum staff. "Christmas Island" lies in the Indian Ocean, about 190 miles south of Java, and some 900 miles northwest of West Australia. Comprising about forty-three square miles, it rises in places to more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has been known to navigators since the middle of the seventeenth century, but until recently no attempt appears to have been made to penetrate beyond a few hundred yards from the shore, on account of the steep and rugged cliffs and the dense tropical vegetation. Down to a few years ago it was probably the only existing tropical island of any large extent that had never been inhabited by man, savage or civilized. In 1887, H.M.S. *Egeria* touched at the island, and some explorations were made toward the interior. It was formally annexed to the British crown in 1888, and ten years later was leased by a company, which immediately made arrangements for its thorough exploitation. Very interesting results are anticipated from the careful study of the immediate effects produced by the immigration of civilized man, and the animals and plants which follow in his wake, upon the physical conditions, and upon the indigenous fauna and flora of an isolated oceanic island. Over 200 Europeans and Chinese have already become residents; and of the various plants introduced for food, several species have run wild and are entering into competition with the native flora.

Formosa, or Taiwan, as the Japanese call their new possession, adopting the Chinese name, is described in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 10, by Dr. N. Yamasaki, a member of the exploring expedition sent out by the University of Tokyo in 1896. He devotes himself mainly to an account of its physical features, its geology, the formation of the coast-line, the courses of the rivers, the volcanoes, and the climate. The greatest rainfall is in the extreme north, where in 1898 it reached the height of 206 inches. Rice is the most important product, followed by sugar and tea. Gold was discovered in 1890 by a Chinaman who had been in California and was employed in building a railroad bridge across the Kilung River. It exists both in the river-bed and in quartz formation. Coal is abundant, but of poor quality. There are also sulphur-mines and petroleum-beds. The fauna includes thirty-one species of mammals, the largest of which is a bear, and 150 species of birds. An excellent map accompanies the article.

It is good news from Korea that a Korean branch of the Royal Asiatic Society has just been organized in Seoul, the capital. Three honorary members were elected, Mr. William G. Aston, the well-known scholar in Japanese and Korean; the Rev. John Ross, D.D., of Mukden, author of works on Korea and the Mantchus, and W. E. Griffis, L.H.D., author of 'Korea, the Hermit Nation.' At the first public meeting, held Wednesday, October 24, the Rev. James A. Gale, the corresponding secretary and author of a Korean grammar and dictionary, read a paper on "The Influence of China upon Korea"—a subject of vast proportions. The President is J. H. Gubbins, British Chargé d'Affaires; and the Vice-President, the Rev. G. H. Jones, who is probably the leading Korean scholar in the peninsular kingdom. The recording secretary is Prof. H. B. Hulbert, an American investigator, author of note, and late editor of the *Korean Repository*. In the council we find the names of Dr. H. N. Allen, our American envoy; Dr. Weisseit, the German Consul, and J. McLeavy Brown, LL.D., the Chief of Customs. The paper to be read at New Year's will be upon "The Island of Kangwa," by the Rev. W. E. Trollope, who has been ten years in Korea. May the Society prosper and do for Korea what the Asiatic Societies of China and Japan have done for these countries.

A number of colored pictorial English calendars come to us with the American imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. There is the inevitable "Golfers' Season," the "Floral Greetings from the Poets," fancy female studies for "The Golden Age," and the society woman in "The Seasons"; humors in the "Comical Cats," etc. "Favorites of British Art" consists of chromolithographic sheets after once familiar paintings by Webster, Wilkie, Collins, and Landseer. Best of all we like Mr. Wilfrid Ball's landscapes in "Nature's Gems." The ribbon-bound sheets vary from twelve to six and four.

Notable on the programme of the American Economic Society's approaching thirteenth annual meeting at Detroit on December 27-29 is an excursion to Ann Arbor for a joint session with the American Historical Association for the discussion of "Colonial Problems." Papers on the fiscal system of Porto Rico, by Dr. J. H. Hollander, Treasurer of the Island, and by President Finley of Knox College on "Our Porto Rican Policy," as studied on the spot, will be read on this occasion.

Gen. Horace Porter, President of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution in France, has appointed a committee consisting of the following members: Henri Méron, Consul of France at Chicago; Edward P. McLean, Vice-Consul-General of the United States at Paris; Col. Ch. Chaillé-Long, and Major H. A. Huntington, for the purpose of composing a list of the French soldiers who took part in the American war of Independence. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has expressed his entire sympathy with this movement, and has communicated with his colleagues, the Minister of War and the Minister of Public Instruction, upon the subject, and they will no doubt give their hearty coöperation in ascertaining the names desired from the national archives and the documents in the War Department. The list should include all Frenchmen who served in the army and in the fleet.

—A most important event for women is the making free to them of all the departments of Clark University. The requirements for the admission of men are that they have already graduated at some college, that they desire to do work of some special kind, and that they either have taken or look forward to taking the degree of doctor of philosophy; and for women the requirements are exactly the same. A few able women have studied at Clark hitherto, but under certain disadvantages, and without the recognition of degrees; it is a satisfaction that they are now to have everything

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that they can ask for, and it is an additional satisfaction that the action to this effect was by a unanimous vote on the part of the Trustees. Princeton and the Johns Hopkins are now the only colleges in the whole country offering post-graduate courses at all that do not offer them to women. There is the less excuse for this at Johns Hopkins on account of the fact that the simplicity of the organization at that university is such that no modifications whatever would be entailed by the change in question, and also that the presence of women in the medical school renders the attitude of the University illogical to the last degree. It remains to be seen how long these two institutions will have the courage to maintain themselves in their lonely isolation.

—The color "processes" of the magazines have become so stupendous that we do not attempt criticism. For a bewildering specimen we may refer the reader to the Christmas *Century's* edition of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." Mr. Augustine Birrell begins a series of papers called "Down the Rhine," with drawings by André Castaigne, and Sir Walter Besant has an illustrated article on "East London Types." An illustrated paper, with the rather flat title, "What More than Wages?" by William Howe Tolman, gives a good deal of information as to the efforts now being made by employers to improve the moral, intellectual, and social tone of the factory workman. This movement, which seems in some degree to have taken the place of the "profit-sharing" movements of half a century since, is founded upon a different idea. As one employer is made to say by Mr. Tolman, the difficulty about profit-sharing is that there are often no profits to share. If employees share in profits, justice would seem to require that they should also share in losses—which is exactly what to the ordinary wage-earner would be most distasteful and even seem unjust. The expenditure of capital to give workmen good homes at low rents, pleasant playgrounds, comfort, cleanliness, and opportunities for intellectual self-improvement is founded on the idea that such an investment actually pays the employer in the improved energy and self-respect of the workman. An English case, for instance, is given of a cold-blooded employer who has spent $1,250,000 on cottages, schools, club buildings, small parks, gardens, and recreation grounds in his industrial village near Liverpool. There is no direct return on the capital. He declares that he is no altruist, but has done it for the good of his business and found it profitable. The opposite principle was that on which slaves were worked in the West Indies—work them the maximum number of hours, and work them to death. If, as appears, the world is really waking up to the truth that labor can be brought to the highest pitch of efficiency only through the encouragement of the ambition and self-respect of the laborer, the coming century will be marked by one of the greatest steps ever made in the solution of the "labor problem." Of course, the movement must be carefully distinguished from that "panem et circenses" movement of some of the new Socialists to tax the public to provide for the "humbler classes." The employer, be it remembered, taxes himself, and expects a return from his beneficiary. The "civic reformer" taxes all his neighbors to give his constituents free-soup tickets or rides on the merry-go-rounds, without any return except that the altruist himself is to be provided with an office and salary by means of more taxes.

—*Scribner's* for December contains a critical review of George Eliot by W. C. Brownell which will repay, not only reading, but study. It is full of shrewd "appreciation," which becomes at times what many admirers will think depreciation, owing, it seems to us, to his devoting most attention to what are really George Eliot's less important novels. Even in view of the success of 'Middlemarch,' we should be inclined to think that her important books—the books by which she must in the long run be judged—are those which made her fame, 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' She was no exception to the rule that great novelists usually write themselves out, attaining their highest level in their earliest efforts and afterwards falling into repetition and elaboration. From the perspective in which Mr. Brownell considers her books, it might be inferred that he regarded her worst work as most deserving of attention. However this may be, his analysis is searching, and often convincing. He puts George Eliot at the head of psychological novelists, and at the same time imputes to her "a limited imaginative faculty, a defective sense of art, and an inordinate aggrandizement of the purely intellectual element in human character." But he distinguishes her sharply from the so-called "intellectual woman," of whom he says: "In books or in fact the first impression made by the so-called intellectual woman is that of the inadequacy of the intellect. There is so much else that is worth while, one reflects in the presence of such thorough-going exclusions. . . . It is not so much that she is too intellectual. At times one finds that she might be even more so, even if less strictly so, with advantage." "And perhaps there is nothing that sets George Eliot off from the mass of her sex for whom the intellect is a universal talisman, so much as the circumstance that she does not make this impression. On the contrary, one's impression is of the plenary power and sufficiency of the intellect unaided and unillumined *ab extra*." This brings us to the question, What is there to illumine the intellect *ab extra?* Mr. Brownell's answer is religion. George Eliot had no religion; was a Comtist and an agnostic; consequently she was *bornée*. Or rather, perhaps, being a Christian by inheritance, she threw off that religion and fell back on philosophy and duty, which will not supply its place. That she had no religion we cannot concede, for the novel became in her hands an instrument of agnostic faith, for which she would, no doubt, have gone to the stake with all the enthusiasm of an early Christian. John La Farge has an interesting article on Puvis de Chavannes, accompanied by plates in color which are called "reproductions." Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes a new kind of tale, "An Untold Story." The writers of "short stories" should examine it with care. It is only two pages and a half long, and might be made much shorter, and the point is that the story is left out.

—A. Maurice Low has, in the *Atlantic*, a sort of rhapsody on the national capital, called "Washington: The City of Leisure." It is not altogether perfect—indeed it is, here and there, decidedly weak; but several things are well put, as, for instance, the writer's demolition of the tradition that there is an old "residential society" in Washington, composed of natives, Southern and aristocratic—a sort of Faubourg set, left over from the past, and living apart from the present; a society which looks down on the mushroom *nouveaux riches* of to-day as Legitimist Parisians are reported to look down upon the society which has sprung up since the Bourbons went out. This is, as Mr. Low says, a pure superstition. No such society is to be found in Washington, the important people having long been of a totally different sort. A name here and there is pretty much all that is left of the Southern society which dominated the capital down to the time when Buchanan left the White House. Mr. Low is evidently an Imperialist, for he thinks that Alexander Shepherd unconsciously rendered a great service to Washington by giving "his people" an object-lesson in "the benefits to follow from pure autocracy." By this he apparently means that government by commission, such as followed the downfall of the Shepherd ring, is the true form of municipal government. If so, all New York needs to make it happy is to have it governed by an army officer and two civilians appointed by the Governor of the State. "War as a Moral Medicine," by Goldwin Smith, is a very effective reply to Dean Farrar's late article on the same subject. How curious it is that most people are ready to admit that past wars, such as the Crimean, the Afghan, or the "Lorcha" wars, were rather demoralizing and useless. The very war which to-day is holy and glorious because we are engaged in it, becomes in retrospect useless or wrong. Mr. Smith's article contains a rather ugly story about Lord Palmerston, whose moral character was unimproved by war.

—*Harper's* has an article on "Victor Hugo as an Artist," by Benjamin-Constant. These illustrations are selected from a "vast collection" of his paintings and drawings placed at the orders of the magazine, and more will appear in a later issue, "with comment by M. Paul Meurice, the chief custodian of Victor Hugo memorabilia." Mr. Benjamin-Constant discusses Hugo's sketches in the light of his literary works, and thinks that he "comes near to being a master among masters." Salvator Rosa, Callot, Goya, or Delacroix "might have signed more than one of these." It is Gustav Doré only who "loses by comparison." "His invention, brilliant and prolific as it is, has not the compass, the power, the audacity of Hugo's—for the mark of the beast is everywhere met with upon his ink-stained papers, sometimes raging, sometimes laughing, but always evidencing a violent romanticism, where the pencil is as revolutionary as the idea." Henri Fouquier contributes an illustrated paper on Bernhardt and Coquelin. Every one knows that Bernhardt is not only an actress, but a sculptor and manager as well; she is, it seems, also a sportsman, and has "brought down" her deer and her crocodile, to say nothing of her having some live pumas, brought from South America, in her courtyard. Coquelin's life is as humdrum as hers is eccentric; it is that, in fact, of "a hard-working bourgeois." He is entirely a self-made man, being the son of a baker, and owing nothing in his great success to any one but himself. Dr. Carl Peters gives an account of his "Discovery of Ophir," in an article illustrated

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by photographs and a map, and drawings by E. W. Deming. Solomon, it will be remembered, was in the habit of getting gold from Ophir; he was apparently a monometallist, for we are told that silver "was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," though silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks also came from Ophir. The place was clearly in Africa, for Ophir is Afer, and Afer is the root of Africa. Further identification was made comparatively easy by an old French map and a description of the Portuguese gold mines of *Fura*, which again is "nothing but a native corruption of the old Semitic word Afer, or Ophir." Now this Fura gold region is on the Zambesi, a region from which the Ophir products mentioned in the Bible could readily have been exported. The paper concludes with the significant statement that the writer has "made friends" with the local chieftain, and that "large properties in his country belong to me and my friends."

—Mr. Max Bennett Thrasher's 'Tuskegee: Its Story and its Work' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) is the outcome of much careful preparation. Mr. Thrasher has made many visits to Tuskegee, attended critically on Mr. Washington's speaking North and South, visited the scenes of his early life, and, best of all, has followed up many of his students after their graduation into their new activities. The praise of Mr. Washington is extremely warm, but not warmer than is just. It is certain, however, that not many white men could safely bear so much. The story of his early life is not so full as is his autobiography now running in the *Outlook*, but Benjamin Franklin's arrival in Philadelphia was not more interesting than his in Richmond, without a cent in his pocket, and afterward at the Hampton School, where he was not regarded as a promising addition. In Richmond he slept *under* the sidewalk for some nights while getting a little forehanded by helping to unload a vessel. But the value of Mr. Thrasher's book does not consist in these personal details so much as in the full account of the organization and working of the Tuskegee School, and the conferences which are held there in February every year. The beginnings of Tuskegee were as pathetic as those of any college in the United States. An all-pervading common sense appears to be the quality of its organizer's mind that has been most serviceable. There should have been some correction of the mistake, industriously multiplied in some quarters, that Mr. Washington is willing to make the political rights of his people subordinate to their material prosperity. Of all the illustrations, which are many and instructive, the most significant is that of the two boys who walked five hundred miles to get to Tuskegee.

RECENT POETRY.

It will be a curious experience for many Americans to read in the list of "Macmillan's Uniform Edition of the Poets" the names of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, winding up with 'The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown'; this being, for most of them, a wholly new and quite unobtrusive name. Nor will the sense of surprise be diminished, at least for the first moment, on seeing the book prefaced with the author's portrait, a thing which suggests, according to Heine, an insane hospital with its founder's picture in the entrance-hall. Any such feeling of incipient disdain is swept away, in Mr. Brown's case, by the delightful strength of the face revealed—a face at once patrician and plebeian, academic and peasantlike, with its strong features and genial look beneath the Oxford hood. Mr. Henley's enthusiastic article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* upon his schoolmaster and crony, with Mr. Irwin's two volumes of selections from the poet's delightful letters, have made him suddenly familiar to the reading public; and his thick volume of verse, including more than seven hundred pages, offers not a page too many for the lover of real and genuine things. Suggesting a curious mixture of two authors seemingly so remote from each other as Crabbe and Walt Whitman, he tells long village tales in a continuous atmosphere of outdoor nature. Every character is fresh and racy, and he gives such a charm to Manx life and dialect that one forgets Hall Caine as comfortably as if he had never been born. The longer tales have a quality that can hardly be conveyed in extracts, for they must be read, and read leisurely. But the sea pieces, which are numerous, are usually shorter, and have to our thinking a vigor which makes Kipling seem quite artificial, as with the following (p. 44):

THE PEEL LIFE-BOAT.

Of Charley Cain, the cox,
And the thunder of the rocks,
And the ship *St. George*—
How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge
Of its prey—
Southward bound from Norraway;

And the fury and the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore!

See the Harbour-master stands,
Cries—"Have you all your hands?"
Then, as an angel springs
With God's breath upon his wings,
She went;
And the black storm robe was rent
With the shout and with the din. . . .

. . . . . .

"Lay aboard her, Charley lad!"
"Lay aboard her! Are you mad?
With the bumping and the scamper
Of all this loose deck hamper,
And the yards
Dancing round us here like cards,"
With the fury and the din. . . .

So Charley scans the rout,
Charley knows what he's about,
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—
"Pay it out there true and fine!
Not too much, men!
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen!"
With the fury and the din. . . .

Now the hawser's fast and steady,
And the traveller rigged and ready.
Says Charley—"What's the lot?"
"Twenty-four." Then like a shot—
"Twenty-three,"
Says Charley, "'s all I see"—
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Not a soul shall leave the wreck,"
Says Charley, "till on deck
You bring the man that's hurt."
So they brought him in his shirt—
O, it's fain
I am for you, Charles Cain—
With the fury and the din. . . .

. . . . . .

See the rainbow bright and broad!
Now, all men, thank ye God,
For the marvel and the token,
And the word that He hath spoken!

With Thee,
O Lord of all that be,
We have peace amid the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore.

Turn now to another, with a higher touch of purely imaginative treatment (p. 696):

THE SCHOONER.

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea—
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed,
and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to vinagoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled:
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a mouldy bat; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

. . . . . .

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure.
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure;
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning
leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

Next, this exquisite picture, tender and simple as that of any cottage child in Wordsworth (p. 90):

"GOD IS LOVE."

At Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend:—"God is love." But, when I said:—
"What means this writing?" thus she answered:—
"It's father that's at say [sea],
And I come here to pray,
And . . . God is love." My eyes grew dim—
Blest child! in Heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is love.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's 'Writ in Barracks' (London: Methuen) should undoubtedly, if reprinted in America, be inscribed to Col. Roosevelt. In point of poetry, it is Kipling and water; in point of "strenuousness," it has the enthusiasm for war and bloodshed in which a member of the medical corps usually exceeds the staff officer. It sings of "The People to Cecil John Rhodes"; it sings of "Tommy's Autograph," "Tommy to his Laureate," "Britannia to her First-Born." There is not a page of it that does not revel in blood and in the infallibility of England. This gives the flavor of it (p. 96):

"And like a giant, bearing stings
Of gnats, who joy to see him wince,
We stand—the envy of the kings
Despised by every petty prince!
Who know that, while enduring yet,
We bear—but we do not forget.

"We lived, and live! The world shall see
An inextinguishable flame.
The nations fade; but we shall be
When Gaul and Teuton are a name!
For us the seven seas in one:
For landlocked hordes—oblivion."

He hits off Kipling, his model, thus neatly, in "Tommy to his Laureate" (p. 59):

'But you're *our* partic'lar author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!"

After all, the severest blow to any poet's fame is dealt, not by his critics, but by his imitators.

As Mr. Wallace deals this blow to Kipling, so Mr. Hamilton Adrian Piffard, in 'Marforio, and Other Poems' (London: Elkin Mathews), gives a similar unconscious thrust at Mr. Swinburne, with the difference that the latter's cadences have a sweetness in their rhymes and alliterations such as no imitator can wholly spoil. Yet it is impossible not to trace to its true origin the verses of "Marie Etelka" (p. 68):

"O eyes, so dark and dancing!
Red lips, so ripe and sweet!
What glamour in the glancing
And motions of your feet!

"Our hopes dissolve in sadness,
And die in one adieu;
Too well we know the madness
That comes of loving you.

. . . . . .

"Past things seem sad and olden,
The song and smile take flight,
That were so gay and golden,
So full of love and light.

. . . . . .

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"If you were born capricious,
And changeful as the sky,
You give us days delicious,
And nights that never die."

It must be owned, however, that there is a sort of attraction in Mr. Piffard's West Indian and Oriental perfumes, were it only that they are just now somewhat out of fashion, and recall the Byronic period.

We are often told that the sonnet has had its day, yet volume after volume filled with sonnets only proves how singularly firm is the hold maintained by this seemingly artificial form of structure. One of these, "The Fields of Dawn, and Later Sonnets" by Lloyd Mifflin (Houghton), has undoubtedly the monotony which belongs to all but the highest masters in this form of verse, but it is pleasant to find Mr. Mifflin inscribing one of the poems to Edward Robeson Taylor, and it is interesting to note that the most spirited of the sonnets is that written in commemoration of an event seemingly so peaceful as the first landing of William Penn on this soil (p. 101):

ARRIVAL OF THE "WELCOME."

How beautiful she looked in that far day
With all her canvas flying in the breeze,—
The stately "Welcome," from the stormy seas,
Wafted on dove-like wings along the bay!
"Peace on the Earth," her fluttering pennons say,
And from her deck a voice: "Good-will to men!"
For he had come, the courtly Quaker, Penn,
Full of his dream of philanthropic sway,

And must the feet of Progress ever be
Incarnadined by still recurring wars,
While from her path is swept each barbarous horde?
Oh, may this Land, now under thrall of Mars,
End her red slaughter by the Asian sea,
And sheathe her once inviolable sword!

In another volume of sonnets, 'Pictoris Carmina,' by Frederic Crowninshield (Dodd, Mead & Co.), we encounter poems equally correct in form, charmingly illustrated by the author, and having far less of monotony than those of Mr. Mifflin; but also far less of grace, of smoothness, and of artistic finish. Mr. Crowninshield is fond of sonorous and polysyllabic words, as we note, for instance, in the following sonnet (p. 79):

CLEAR SKIES.

To-day I laugh full-mettled in the shine
Exalting as it heaves above the crests
Deliberate, and on the landscape nests
From flowered foreground to remotest line
Of the perspectived hills, which scarce define
Their high pretensions on a light that vests
The horizon with a nacreous veil, and wrests
From irised opal victory. Divine
The sky unoccupied! Divine *my* sky
Unclouded by a vexing film of care!
Effulgent Stars, ye coruscate for aye
In space—in unencumbered crystal air
Beyond the vapor-girded earth. Could we
But gleam in atmosphereless Life, like Ye!

Note in these lines the number of words which, if not inadmissible, are at least unusual, cumbrous, unmanageable, at any rate somewhat unsuited for weaving into the soft tissue of the sonnet; such as *atmosphereless, perspectived, irised, full-mettled, nacreous, coruscate.* Surely, the English tongue is of itself too difficult as compared with the Italian to make it safe to empty these rougher crags from the Anglo-Saxon quarry. Yet doubtless Mr. Crowninshield would prefer to remind us rather of Michelangelo than of Petrarch; and it is too much to claim of any artist that he shall have thoroughly mastered two arts. His pages are, however, full of rich material, and he gives an admirable motto for the whole volume in that of the first sonnet, quoted from the French writer Bernard Prost, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts:* "Quelle plume enviable que celle de ces peintres, quand l'occasion s'offre à eux de quitter la palette pour l'encrier et de jeter un cri du cœur!"

Mr. Frank Sewall, in 'The Trophies; Sonnets by José-María de Heredia' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), has made the mistake of doing very imperfectly what another had previously done almost in perfection. Mr. Sewall has taken in hand one of the masterpieces of modern literature, a book of sonnets so vast in range and so continuous that they almost amount collectively to an epic poem; and has rendered them in blank verse only. He says in his preface:

"In the translation of the sonnets, while their verse-form has been strictly maintained, the rhyme has been purposely discarded, in order to allow for a rendering of these marvellous word-studies unembarrassed by such restriction. Beautiful as a feature of the sonnet as rhyme undoubtedly is, its absence in this case will be less noticed in view of the splendor and completeness of the word-pictures themselves."

But it would be more true to say that this very fact is the reason why the absence of rhyme will be noticed. The "central characteristic of these splendid sonnets" being, as Mr. Gosse has well said, "their technical perfection," a fatal blow is struck at that perfection when the rhymes are omitted. Translating any sonnet without rhyme is like drawing a human face and omitting the eyes; and the finer the face, the more fatal the omission. The difference will be seen at once by quoting one of the sonnets in Mr. Sewall's rhymeless version, and comparing it with one of the remarkable translations by Edward Robeson Taylor of San Francisco, reviewed in these columns two years ago. Mr. Sewall's first (p. 16):

PAN AND THE NYMPHS.

Across the thickets, by the secret ways
Which lose themselves in avenues of green,
The Goat-foot, Hunter of naked nymphs,
Glides through the lofty woods with burning eye.
Sweet is't to hear the sighs, the murmurs cool,
Which rise at midday out of springs unknown,
When Sol, the glittering conqueror of the skies,
Shoots through the trembling shade his darts of gold.
A straying nymph stops suddenly to hear
The tears of morning falling drop by drop
Upon the moss; her young heart reels for joy;
But with a bound the God from copse leaps forth,
Seizes her, rending the air with mocking laugh,
And disappears. Then all is still again.

Compare this with the version by Mr. Taylor, and see how, in a translation quite as nearly literal, the same poem may be rendered in rhyme, thus keeping it still a sonnet (p. 24):

Across the brake, by ways that hidden lie
At foot of where the verdant pathways run,
Divine Nymph hunter, the Goat-footed one,
Steals through the forest with an ardent eye.

'Tis sweet to hear the freshening sound, the sigh,
Rising from viewless springs at summer's noon,
When the bright vanquisher of clouds, the Sun,
His golden arrows at the dark lets fly.

A Nymph lone wandering stays her steps. She hears
Fall drop by drop the morning's lovely tears
Upon the moss. Her heart drinks ecstasies.

But, with a single bound, outsprings the God,
Enclasps her, then with mocking laughter flees . . .
And silence settles over all the wood.

The same difference is visible on every page of the two books. Mr. Taylor has defects of his own—sometimes an imperfect rhyme, sometimes a word too unusual; but, after all, his are translations of the sonnets, while Mr. Sewall's are not. Yet Mr. Sewall's work shows patient effort, has often felicitous phrasing, and is interesting as a further recognition of the steady growth of this remarkable Franco-Cuban's fame.

We learn the value of rhyme, again, in Mr. C. H. Herford's admirable rhymed version of Ibsen's "Love's Comedy" (Chicago: Sergel), in which he has, it seems, been assisted by the coöperation of Mr. William Archer, and also in a few cases by Mr. Gosse. Through this joint effort, we have probably the best English rendering of Ibsen yet made; and the play itself, though one of his earliest, has all the qualities familiar in his later ones. It is based on what may be called the theory of loneliness, and on the consequent paradox that "the first condition of a happy marriage is the absence of love, and the first condition of an enduring love is the absence of marriage." His lover separates himself from his betrothed in order that his love shall remain a perennial romance, and not be bankrupted by the sordid cares of actual life; and the maiden thus deserted deliberately makes a marriage, without especial affection, in order that she may be duly cared for. This theory is worked out with a varied and most humorous study of character, and forms in its conclusion a curious contrast to the author's most celebrated play, "Ghosts"; the keynote of this new volume being, as we have already said, the value of loneliness, while it is the doctrine of "Ghosts" that we are all members one of another, so that real loneliness is impossible.

We adhere to the opinion that no one among the younger race of American poets —those, namely, who are under thirty— has given the signs of promise visible in Miss Josephine Preston Peabody; and this both in her previous volume, 'The Wayfarers,' and in her new one, called felicitously by a name drawn from Shakspere's Sonnets, 'Fortune and Men's Eyes' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). Very young poets encounter two dangers—that of having too much to say and too little. She belongs to the former class, and has not yet mastered her own thoughts up to the point of full expression. There is a thin aerial veil over them, like that over Henry Vaughan's poems, infinitely enjoyable except when it grows a little too dense. This is exhibited even in the brief drama which gives the title to the volume, and which, by departing from the meditative note, furnishes a new test of Miss Peabody's powers. From the very beginning of the little play, she has caught the Elizabethan note in a degree quite marvellous for a young girl. The whole thing is eminently bright, alert, and vividly local; while not coarse, yet not causing the reader to miss the coarseness; and still it is doubtful, as the play goes on, whether the veil of reverie is not drawn too closely for the average reader. There is so much thought in all these poems that, as in Emily Dickinson's, when one catches the meaning most fully, he cannot feel wholly sure that there does not remain some esoteric meaning, beyond his grasp, in the author's mind. Some of them, we should say, might be interpreted in as many ways as Browning's 'Childe Roland.' This might apply, for instance, to the exquisite little poem called "The Stay-at-Home," which comes, if we may venture to guess, as near to the author's heart as anything in the volume. For this very reason, we transcribe rather one whose rhythm and tenderness will reveal themselves more instantly to that much-prescribed-for person, the general reader, as touching a more universal experience (p. 75):

LITANY OF THE LIVING.

Death, thou hast taken.
Death, thou dost give.
We who outlive,
Lo, we awaken!

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I.

Now that it is too late,
We watch, who never saw.
We listen with vain awe;
We long: we wait.
Time looks so desolate,
Time that we hoarded once.
And something blunts
The sense of leisure now, where none intrudes,
The ample solitudes
Of vacant days.
Come, let us consecrate
To his new state
Rich hours and hours with memory and praise,
Now that it is too late.

II.

Surely we are grown wise
With these amazed eyes.
Yes, we are eager, glad,
To sum up all we had,
Remember, count and glory! We divine
Full well our riches in the day of cost.
All that we had, thou makest it to shine,
Since it is lost.
This, then, was he.
At last we heed, we see,
Resistless!
We see all things so clear:
And where we heard not, hear,
And love where we were listless.

Death, potent Healer,
Death, who dost give,
Hear us that live,
Unblessed Revealer!

III.

. . . . . .

Thou showest where we err.
But, O Interpreter!
Pointing the meaning of this piteous Book
Whereon we look,
Let us be wise some day to understand;
To understand indeed,
And see, and read,
Without thy Hand.

It is a question how far Mr. Edwin Markham's fame has been permanently aided by 'The Man with the Hoe,' which is now published anew with other poems "decorated by Howard Pyle" (Doubleday). A reaction was destined to follow the early fame of 'The Man with the Hoe,' because a little reflection suggested the thought that it was, after all, to some extent a second-hand work, as is a photograph beside a statue and an engraving beside a painting. Anybody, it might be urged, on studying Millet's picture, might have evolved the same thoughts put in language by Mr. Markham; to which, however, the poet might justly reply, "Why, if so, was it not done?" In the other poems of the book there is certainly nothing else so good, but it is a great thing to see in them a man unspoiled by success, and having the tact and modesty to dedicate his collection to Mr. Stedman, with the added words: "First to hail and caution me." The poems are all filled with a strong humanitary feeling, and belong so emphatically to to-day that Mr. Pyle's decorations, almost wholly classical in allusion, seem a little inappropriate. The following poem is in the key of all (p. 91):

SONG MADE FLESH.

I have no glory in these songs of mine:
If one of them can make a brother strong,
It came down from the peaks of the divine—
I heard it in the Heaven of Lyric Song.

The one who builds the poem into fact,
He is the rightful owner of it all;
The pale words are with God's own power packed
When brave souls answer to their bugle-call.

And so I ask no man to praise my song,
But I would have him build it in his soul;
For that great praise would make me glad and strong,
And build the poem to a perfect whole.

'The Mystery of Godliness,' by F. B. Money Coutts (Lane), is the work of a man of singular earnestness, whose writings show a genuinely personal note, as has been well exhibited in his former volume, 'The Revelation of St. Love, the Divine.' Without grace or music, he shows great vigor of expression, and his little volume is, in Ben Jonson's phrase, "rammed with thought." The proposition which is at the base of this book is that "all Religions contain the seeds of heresy, by which they are disrupted; so that the human ideas of God never cease to be enlarged and purified," and "the search for God must, from the very nature of the case, be eternal." To this theme he devotes 239 four-line verses. He regards imagination as the highest faculty of man, and follows it fearlessly, with this result (p. 120):

"We cannot reach the perilous place
Where God has survey of the land;
We shall not ever see his face,
We shall not ever understand.

"Who worship the Eternal, yearn
Eternally; and each advance
Is but a coign from which to learn
A larger range of ignorance.

"Though Christian covenanters dare
To hope some day a home to find
And an inheritance more fair
Than this poor plot they leave behind,

"There is no promise in their bond
That, when they penetrate this show
Of shadows, they shall gain, beyond,
The Land of Nothing More to Know."

With the work of Mr. Money Coutts may be classed the somewhat remarkable literary effort of Mr. W. H. Mallock, 'Lucretius on Life and Death, in the Metre of Omar Khayyám' (Lane). Mr. Mallock, as is well known, is always ready to put lance in rest against the more extreme theological deductions of modern science, and he has taken occasion to point a moral by skilfully weaving the famous Latin poem of Lucretius into Omar's measure, and then showing the manner in which Darwin and Huxley lead up to both. When we consider that the ally in whom Darwin took most comfort, our own Asa Gray, was a good Orthodox Christian, Mr. Mallock may be said to have missed his mark. Yet the work is admirably done, and the dignity and seriousness of Lucretius are presented in a fine poetic paraphrase rather than in a translation.

A moderately good book of selections is Mr. Clinton Scollard's 'Ballads of American Bravery' (Silver, Burdett & Co.). The editor gives in the notes his own estimates, not merely of the comparative rank of his fellow-authors, but of the different military officers who commanded in our wars. He says apologetically of these notes that they are "intended to be suggestive rather than in any sense exhaustive" (p. 193); but our impression is, that if he had confined himself more simply to fact and had given less of opinion, it would have been better. There is necessarily more or less of trash in the book, but it is on the whole the best collection of the kind yet edited. We regret, however, its omission of the fine poem of Elbridge Jefferson Cutler, "The Volunteer"; also of Stuart Sterne's "Manila Bay"; of Horace Spencer Fiske's "Ballad of Manila Bay," and of a few others. Mr. Fiske's poem appears in a little volume bearing the above title, "and other verses" (Chicago: University Press). Most of its contents have a rather undergraduate flavor, but there is a sonnet on Chicago which is worth quoting, were it only for the sake of future historians of that city (p. 71):

CHICAGO.

Erect, commanding, like a goddess born,
With strength and beauty glowing in her face
And all her stately form attired in grace,
She stands beside her lake to greet the morn.
Behind her, rustling leaves of yellow corn
That whisper richest comfort to the race;
And 'neath her gaze, the waters' purple space
A thousand flashing sails with light adorn.
Still in her sight shine visions of the fair—
Immortal Art illuming human ill,
And far-eyed Science blessing with her care;
While through her soul, in purpose to fulfil,
And reach her highest hope beyond compare,
Throbs deep and strong the strenuous cry: "I will."

It may be said of Miss Carolyn Wells's 'Idle Idyls' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), as of Mr. Oliver Herford's illustrations of them, that they sometimes hover on the verge of admirable merit and sometimes on that of mediocrity. The neatest and most original bit of fun in the whole book is this counterfeit diary (p. 105):

ONE WEEK.

This year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues.
I've nothing here but ones and TUES."

A bright thought struck him, and he said:
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will WED."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said: "No, THUR."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!
Although hereafter I may FRI."

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The Coroner upon them SAT.

SIX BOOKS ON MUSICAL TOPICS.

Songs and Song Writers. By Henry T. Finck. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Contemporary American Composers. By Rupert Hughes. L. C. Page & Co.

Famous Pianists of To-day and Yesterday. By Henry C. Lahee. L. C. Page & Co.

Prima Donnas and Soubrettes. By Lewis C. Strang. L. C. Page & Co.

Stories of Famous Songs. By S. J. Adair FitzGerald. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Der Musikverein von Milwaukee. 1850-1900. Milwaukee. 1900.

Mr. Finck has made a taking little volume on a deeply and increasingly interesting topic. The day of appreciation of the German *Lied* is at its noon; even the most ambitious singers give song-recitals rather than operatic concerts, and thither flock both the instructed and the uninstructed lovers of music. To both classes Mr. Finck's little book of history, appreciations, and depreciations addresses itself, and is nothing if not timely. To read of songs is the next most fascinating thing to playing them, which, as Mr. Finck points out, is the next most fascinating thing to hearing them. The author says that his book is an endeavor to make a sort of Song-Baedeker, and in this we consider that he has succeeded admirably, even if, as with that "ill-starred" book, all telescopes do not compute the stars alike.

The beginning is a brief history of song, opening with mention of the early folk songs. The author records their adoption by troubadour and minnesinger, with the addition of the instrumental accompaniment, here throwing down the glove to Rockstro, who maintains that the troubadours gave the secular song to the people. Later comes the invasion, by folk song, of the province of church music; in the twelfth century we find folk songs woven together for ecclesiastical music, in many voices—sometimes as many as thirty—with mathematical rather than harmonious results, the polyphonic form offering, furthermore, serious hindrance to the words. In the sixteenth century, in reviving the early Christian practice of congregational singing, Luther substituted many popular folk songs for the Gregorian chants, and, as his enemies said, promoted thus the success of the Reformation. Italian opera is next touched on, in its first manifestation a rebellion against the complicated polyphonic writing which had proved so fatal to the words; an interesting bit of history this,

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when one contemplates Italian opera in its modern aspect. It was not long, however, before the exploitation of lung power became the salient feature of Italian opera. Here we trace the descent more easily. These were the palmy days of the operatic aria, the cantata, the oratorio. The folk song hid its head under the shadow of what Mr. Finck calls "Jumbomania"—a complaint, it thus appears, not exclusively American. Bach and Handel neglected the song for larger achievements; Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, though writing a few songs, "were unconsciously affected with Jumbomania, for they treated the *Lied* as a mere trifle, unworthy of their best efforts."

This may sound a little like scolding Franklin for having no telephone in his house, but an occasional petulance is perhaps not too high a price to pay for a style that glistens with animation. In relation to Beethoven, the author truly says that his contribution to the art of song lies in an increased interest in the accompaniment. We look in vain for mention of Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me" and the "Spirit Song." With Schubert we come to the greatest of song-writers, and here the enthusiasm of the book kindles; the account of the composer is a charming bit of biography, with much instructive and entertaining matter as to the inner history of many of the immortal songs. To Schubert succeed necessarily brief considerations of Loewe and Mendelssohn. Of Schumann's 245 songs, Mr. Finck concedes to only twenty the highest order of merit; to find that "Widmung" is not among the twenty, however, enables Schumann's lovers to hold up their heads as to the excluded ones. We do not find the writer putting his finger on the vital point of difference between Schubert and Schumann—that intellectual quality in the latter which has been expressively if roughly indicated as making the difference between the brook and the poet who thinks about the brook. With Franz, Mr. Finck soars again on wings of music, and makes an affectionately sympathetic study of this master of song and interpreter of poetry. Brahms has a "lamentably weak melodic faculty," but has written one "adorable song," the "Minnelied." Liszt, Rubinstein, Chopin, Paderewski, Grieg, form the topics of several of the best pages in the book—pages interspersed with vivacious comment on the men, their ideas, their quality, and the character of their share in the development of the art-song.

A eulogistic chapter on MacDowell brings to a close a volume at once entertaining and suggestive—suggestive of dissent, truly, at times, but full of matter, and of an excellent lucidity. To singers, its bibliography alone should make it valuable. The personal equation in Mr. Finck's case is large, but, for the "Constant Reader," distinctly calculable.

The American composer, collectively speaking, has at last found his champion and prophet. Mr. Rupert Hughes has devoted to him a book of 456 pages, and in a postlude he predicts that "in the coming century the musical supremacy and inspiration of the world will rest here overseas, in America." He is emboldened to make this prophecy by the belief he has held for many years that "some of the best music in the world is being written here at home, and that it only needs the light to win its meed of praise." In truth, he is in a better position to pass an opinion on this matter than any one else; for, not content with perusing all accessible printed works of American composers, he has had the astounding courage to seek out and read their manuscripts, "a hideous task," as he admits, "which might be substituted for the comparative pastime of breaking rocks as punishment for misdemeanors." But, as he adds, "the fact that, after going through at least a ton of American compositions, I am still an enthusiast, is surely a proof of some virtue in native music."

The courage which prompted Mr. Hughes to tackle all these manuscripts is also manifested in the fearlessness with which he expresses his opinions. He is not one of those who timidly wait for a consensus of professional opinion before venturing upon cordial commendation of what seems to him good. His model is Schumann, whose mind was always open to new impressions, and who made a place for himself among the very small number of great musical critics by being neither afraid nor ashamed to be led into instant enthusiasms. Mr. Hughes, to be sure, cannot claim the authority of Schumann, and his fearlessness sometimes becomes recklessness; yet even this is infinitely better than the policy of sneering at everything contemporary in music. In reprinting his chapter on American Women Composers from the *Century Magazine*, he has modified some of his most reckless assertions, such as that these women do as good creative work as any of the men composers of the time; being content now with the claim that "the best work done in the arts by women is of better quality than the average work done by men." This is a somewhat vague and intangible assertion, which perhaps approaches the truth. But the cardinal fact remains that no woman has ever written a piece of music equalling the best music made by men.

Mr. Hughes divides American composers into three groups—the Innovators, the Academics, and the Colonists. MacDowell heads the first group, which also includes Kelly, Loomis, Nevin, Sousa (!), Schoenefeld, Arnold, Page. The second group is headed by Professor Paine, "the most classic of our composers," "about the earliest of native writers to convince foreign musicians that some good could come out of Nazareth." The other "Academics" are Buck, Parker, Van der Stucken, Gilchrist, Chadwick, Foote, Pratt, Hadley, Foerster, Converse, Coerne. Under the heading of Colonists, the author briefly discusses the composers of the New York, Boston, and other "colonies," so far as they have not already been disposed of in the preceding sections. This division is somewhat fanciful and arbitrary, but it serves its purpose. The information concerning persons and manuscripts brought together by Mr. Hughes makes his work indispensable to all who are interested in American music. But it is far more than a work of reference. The author has an excellent style, with many an original turn, and he writes with the knowledge of an expert musician. Of special interest are his remarks on the reasons why music was so late in developing in this country, and on the questions of negro and Indian music.

It is worthy of note, by the way, that Dr. Dvorák, who agitated these questions anew, left more of an impression on the American composer than is generally known. During the years that he presided over the National Conservatory in New York, there were among his pupils as many as five of the composers who are favorably considered in Mr. Hughes's book—Shelley, Arnold, Loomis, Schoenefeld, and Rubin Goldmark. Undoubtedly the bringing over of Dvorák is the best of Mrs. Thurber's claims to remembrance as a musical benefactress. It was hardly fair to omit mention of this fact. Mr. Hughes is also, no doubt inadvertently, unfair toward the late Anton Seidl. In lamenting the fact that so little has been done for the American composer by American orchestras, he sums up what the Thomas, the Boston, the Cincinnati, and even the Kaltenborn orchestras have accomplished in this direction, but entirely ignores Seidl in this place, though in the body of the book there are a number of references to compositions as having been first brought out by him. As a matter of fact, Seidl was the best friend the American composer has ever had. He constantly encouraged him, not only by playing his pieces, but by revising MSS. and giving advice. Interesting details regarding this point may be found in the memorial volume on Seidl published by the Scribners a year ago.

Mr. Lahee's book on pianists does not call for detailed criticism. It is a mere compilation, without much order or system, of facts accessible in the musical dictionaries. Mr. Strang's book has no greater value from a critical point of view, but it contains much information about popular operetta singers not easily accessible otherwise, and will, therefore, doubtless be welcomed by many. It tells all about Lillian Russell, Alice Nielsen, Virginia Earle, Madge Lessing, Jessie Bartlett Davis, and a score more of their class.

'Famous Songs' is an expression which is capable of being interpreted in more than one way. Mr. FitzGerald has interpreted it in the sense in which the banjo and mandolin clubs of our colleges are referred to as "musical societies." The songs discussed by him are famous among the masses, not among persons of musical taste and intelligence. Such men of genius as Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Rubinstein, Liszt, Grieg, and so on, are quite beneath the notice of our author, though he does condescend to refer to Beethoven's "Adelaide." The songs he is concerned with are such as "Annie Laurie," "Comin' through the Rye," "The Girl I left behind Me," "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Marseillaise," "The Watch on the Rhine," etc. Thousands are interested in these songs, for musical, sentimental, and patriotic reasons; and for their benefit Mr. FitzGerald has compiled a mass of information and gossip regarding them which it took him years to gather. The work is now brought out in two attractive volumes in holiday attire, with illustrations.

The last book on our list is not likely to interest many outside of Milwaukee, but the future historian of music in America will find some interesting facts in this account of the first fifty years' existence of the leading musical society in that city. Among the most amusing things in the book are the reprints of criticisms made on Wagner's music when first performed in Milwaukee.

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Even the pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhäuser" was condemned.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

It is an interesting sign of the times that, among the best of the new children's books, two should be volumes of plays. The kindergarten theory, that a child needs direction in its amusements no less than in its work, could not be better exemplified than in the 'Wild Animal Play for Children,' arranged by Ernest Seton-Thompson (Doubleday, Page & Co.). To the middle-aged reader, not yet too old to remember the keen joy of acting a favorite book, with no "grown-ups" at hand to suggest or to instruct, it seems surprising that stories as popular as 'Wild Animals I Have Known' should need this elaborate dramatization. But the children of the present day cannot, apparently, dramatize a story unaided; they must be told what to say, how to say it, even what to wear when they say it. The pretty illustrations of this book are a pleasure to the eye, but do they not reflect unfavorably on the childish reader's imagination? Perhaps Mr. Seton-Thompson's real purpose in this adaptation was that of enforcing his moral, which had in the stories themselves been agreeably unobtrusive. The plot of the play, the author's sentiments as expressed by the Angel, and the music by Daniel Gregory Mason, together form a truly striking example of conventional kindergarten propriety.

The moral note is not quite so forcibly struck in the 'St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas' (Century Co.), but the imagination of the average child is no less totally ignored. It may be well to give detailed technical instructions as to getting up shadow pantomimes, tableaux, toy symphonies, and topsy-turvy concerts, but surely it is unnecessary to suggest each individual tableau, dance, song, and speech. If the book is merely a symptom of the charity-entertainment epidemic, and the plays are meant to amuse public audiences and raise money, undoubtedly they are good of their kind. Otherwise, one is tempted to protest strongly against this burdening of children's memories, and dwarfing of children's imaginations, by letting them learn when they might extemporize. Against two chapters of this volume a graver objection may be brought. Has fun sunk so low that it needs irreverence to enliven it? Elizabethan profanity was a recognized form of wit, but in this nineteenth century a religious carol inserted into the midst of secular fooling shocks without amusing us. Again, "Lord Ullin's Daughter" may not be the highest poetry, but it is an accepted classic, and the humor of introducing its two lovers on the stage, armed respectively with a "valise, bandbox, and umbrella," and a "bird-cage, a work-basket, and a parasol," seems more worthy of a variety show than of a first-class children's magazine. Only the illustrating is up to the highest *St. Nicholas* standard—especially the work of Miss Fanny Cory in the last chapter.

It is she who, by a series of charming pictures, has helped Sydney Reid to give us a perfectly delightful child's book in 'Josey and the Chipmunk' (Century Company). No higher praise can be bestowed on it than to say that it is nearly as good as the "Alice" books, and, indeed, might be pronounced quite as good if Lewis Carroll, like Shakspere, had not "thought of it first." The animals, it is true, have not the vivid personality of the Dormouse or Humpty-Dumpty, but the stories scattered throughout the book quite compensate for this. All children will enjoy the disaster of Miss Chatty Friske in the wasps' nest, and grown-up people will appreciate the quiet irony of "Ahmet the Untruthful" and "Elsie and the Giants." Everywhere the language is simple, the poems lively, the incidents amusing and well-strung together. Like the "Alice" books, this story is delightfully free from sense and moral. The drill of the timid deer, whose hearts are brave but whose legs refuse to meet the enemy, is a gem of pure nonsense. One thing alone the reader may regret—that Sydney Reid did not, like Lewis Carroll, avoid slang, and thus make his book worthy not merely of temporary popularity, but of a permanent place in child literature.

'Ednah and her Brothers,' by Eliza Orne White (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is not up to the level of 'The Coming of Theodora,' but is still a nice, pleasant little book. The children, on the whole, are possible children, though it seems remarkable for a little girl of nine, even a little Bostonian, to say: "I don't think it would be so bad to be grown-up if you only took it the right way." The stories are not wildly exciting, but they are simple and readable, and the love of nature which shows itself in some of them, notably in the last two, ought to be very inspiring. It is to be hoped that "Treading the Winepress," an amusing account of how six children trod a valuable crop of grapes into amateur wine, will not be inspiring in a less profitable way. The mother is a most attractive person throughout the book, and the relations between the children and both their parents are refreshingly old-fashioned, suggesting more than anything else the golden age of Catherine Sinclair's 'Holiday House.'

The *laudator temporis acti* does not find such agreeable food for reflection in 'Granny's Wonderful Chair,' by Frances Browne (Dutton & Co.). After toiling through these nine fairy-tales, with their prosy morals, their inartistic descriptive names, and, above all, their tantalizing echoes of Perrault and Andersen, the reader may well wonder why the children of 1856 ever found them interesting, why seven later editions have been needed, and especially why Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett took such infinite pains to recall the original book and rewrite the stories in *St. Nicholas*. Her series of "Stories from the Lost Fairy-Book," begun in 1887, was stopped by the discovery that a new edition of the long-lost 'Granny's Wonderful Chair' had been issued seven years before. We may hope that in her version, even if faithfulness demanded an adherence to the didactic material, she at least avoided the grammatical errors of the present volume, which has little to recommend it except its dainty pictures by Marie Seymour Lucas.

Another volume of stories, so decidedly *à la* Hans Andersen that the imitation is probably intentional, is 'Soap-Bubble Stories for Children,' by Fanny Barry (James Pott & Co.). It is difficult to say much more about these than that they are inferior to their prototype. The best, like "The Grass of Parnassus," are the shortest. In the longer stories the authoress has tried to introduce such a bewildering variety of local color, transporting us in turn to Norway, Germany, Russia, the Tyrol, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and England, that she has not unnaturally fallen short of her mark. For instance, the scene of "Dame Fossie's China Dog" is laid in England, where "dogwood bushes" do not grow. Still, when the stories are neither too sentimental nor too aggressively moral, they are such as any child might read with pleasure, particularly "The Troll in the Church Fountain" and "The Badgers' School." The illustrating is very uneven. Sometimes it fails entirely to correspond with the text, sometimes, as in the two drawings by Palmer Cox, it adds a flavor to the rather insipid little volume.

It is a pleasure to turn from a modern imitation to a genuine antique. G. H. Boden and W. Barrington d'Almeida have earned our gratitude by giving us 'Wonder-Stories from Herodotus' (Harpers), the charm of which is heightened by the beautiful colored illustrations of H. Granville Fell. The version is well conceived and well executed, and we regret only that the stories are but six in number, and are all drawn from the first three books, so that we miss such well-known favorites as Hippocleides dancing away his bride, and Xerxes flogging the waves with chains. Of the tales chosen, "Ladronius the Prince of Thieves" will probably be the most popular with children, none the less because its moral is as dubious as any of Grimm's. The text is everywhere expanded, explained, or curtailed at the discretion of the transcribers, and on the whole their taste is very sound, in spite of an occasional unfortunate tendency to introduce a comic element. It seems, however, a pity to have omitted the antiquarian details concerning oracles, Solon's code, the diet of the Ethiopians, etc., or, worse still, Darius's most interesting apology for a lie. A few inaccuracies surprise us in so careful a work. Why do we read Briton and Gordius, instead of Biton and Gordias? Again, if the "Orthian strain" of Arion was to be provided with words, it was surely possible to write a poem more in accordance with its loud and martial character than the pretty little nineteenth-century lyric here given. And when we read in the same story that "Arion erected a statue in bronze," we do not get a just idea of the votive offering alluded to in the original. In one instance, when Ladronius is said to have shaved the "right side of the head" of each sentinel, instead of the "right cheek" as in the Greek, the transcribers probably wished to adhere to the historical fact that the Egyptians wore no beards.

If the Father of History has met with due honor from his latest admirers, no less has the Father of Poetry. From two of the most eminent of younger Cambridge classical scholars, Mr. R. J. G. Mayor and Miss F. M. Stawell, who undertake, under the leadership of F. S. Marvin, to give us 'The Adventures of Odysseus Retold in English' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton & Co.), we have the right to expect scholastic accuracy, but not necessarily such excellence of style. When Matthew Arnold pleaded, in 1862, for a translation of Homer, that should be "perfectly simple and intelligible," he might seem to have been anticipating the version before us. Church, in his 'Stories from Homer,' has rendered the main incidents of the Odyssey in a pleasant condens-

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ed shape, but this book faithfully follows the order of the Greek, and, when it is possible, gives the story in full. Only irrelevant allusions and unnecessary incidents and names are omitted, and the selection has been made with scrupulous care. The modern form retains in a wonderful way the swing of the original, though we may perhaps regret the omission of many poetic epithets, and the substitution of "you," "dogs," "listen to me," "knight," "sheepskin," etc., for the more euphonious "thou," or "ye," "hounds," "hearken," "chief," "fleece of wool," as given us in the standard translation of Butcher and Lang. The one short specimen of poetry, in the 'Sirens' Song,' makes us almost wish for more—and yet nothing could be finer than the prose descriptions of Nausicaa, Charybdis, and the Bending of the Bow. In one point only does this version fall short of Church. Mr. Charles Robinson, the clever illustrator of Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses,' cannot bend the bow of Flaxman, and several of the pictures positively disfigure an otherwise admirable book.

Another classic adapted for children is 'Don Quixote of the Mancha,' published by John Lane. A very valid reason for its existence lies in the illustrations by Walter Crane. These are charming, always excepting the full-page colored ones, in which we would gladly believe that the coloring had been added by some stranger and irresponsible hand. The Knight certainly never had so rueful a visage before. The accompanying text is by Judge Parry, and he has approached his task with intelligible trepidation. He has followed mostly the version of Shelton, and has sought to retell in print the principal incidents of the First Part, in much the same way that one might retell them by word to a listening child. If it were really possible to spoil Cervantes, such a course as this would run large risks of reducing Don Quixote to a simple madman and Sancho to a cross of dunce and knave. But Judge Parry has had good success; and if a child in our modern and enlightened days may not be turned loose in an entire Don Quixote, this book will serve the turn.

For some readers of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' there has stood a blot on that entertaining book in the unmaternal attitude of Elizabeth towards the babies. But none have denied that the babies themselves were wholly delightful. Now, in their own book, 'The April Baby's Book of Tunes' (Macmillan), they have their opportunity. They are shut up in the house for a stormy week preceding the Easter holiday, and we find them in the full swing of their ineffable charm. Their mother is shut up with them, and amuses them by writing songs for them. The Man of Wrath is forgotten or on a journey; at all events, he is absent even as a topic, and the effect on Elizabeth appears to be soothing. She has time to be entirely devoted to the irresistible trio of "months," with the result that one would willingly have had it snow for a fortnight. The songs—a small part only of the entertainment—have a flavor of English church music, square, tuneful, stiffish. The effort after original harmonies leads here and there to affectation, and this is true, too, of several of the melodies, which begin well because with entire simplicity, but end in a strained manner, as if simplicity palled yet invention were lacking. The rhythm suffers odd distortion, too, at times. "Polly Flinders" and "Sing a Song of Sixpence" are the most singable for little children. Others there are more ambitious, but no more successful. For American children some of the songs must be transposed. Only at German pianos could babies comfortably reach high G and A. Kate Greenaway's illustrations lend familiar enhancement to this beguiling book. The pussy-cat who has been to London is incomparable.

MABIE'S SHAKSPERE.

William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. With one hundred illustrations. Macmillan.

It is natural to compare Mr. Mabie's book with two notable works on Shakspere that preceded it by a short interval—Mr. Sidney Lee's 'Life,' and the biographical study by Dr. George Brandes, the distinguished Danish critic. But such a comparison would be hardly fair, for the three books differ widely, both in scope and in method. Mr. Lee's 'Life' has already taken its place as a classic of Shaksperian scholarship. It is equally remarkable for learning and for sobriety. Confining itself strictly within the bounds of biography proper, it has recourse to literary criticism only when that can throw light on the actual facts of Shakspere's career. Apart from the fresh information which it affords, this masterly treatise, by virtue of the very limitations which the author imposes upon himself, does the great service of calling discussion down from the clouds to the earth. Mr. Lee has no theory of Shakspere's soul to develop, no canons of dramatic art to expound. To him Shakspere is neither a demigod nor a disembodied spirit, but a man of this world, whose history should be investigated, if at all, in accordance with the laws of evidence and the general axioms of common sense. Acting on these principles, Mr. Lee has produced a book which will not soon become superannuated—which must serve not only as the authoritative biography of Shakspere for many years to come, but as the permanent touchstone of all future study of the poet's "inner life." The growth and operations of Shakspere's soul have long been a favorite subject for the speculative philosopher. In the future, such theorizing will not easily get a patient audience unless it squares itself with the actual Shakspere as he appears in Mr. Lee's sober and restrained pages. The unknown must be content to agree with the known—it cannot pass muster as a substitute for it. In particular, the scrutiny of the Sonnets as biographical material has been remanded to its proper position by Mr. Lee's searching criticism. We may not agree with him in every detail—we may even quarrel with his identification of the elusive "Mr. W. H."; but Mistress Mary Fitton, it is to be hoped, has made her last appearance on any stage. Henceforth "extravagant and erring spirits" like Mr. Tyler will find the candid reader less prone to yield to their mystifications. This of itself is a great gain and ought to entitle Mr. Lee to a high rank among exorcists. He may safely claim a share in the glory of St. Withold, whose exploits are celebrated in rhyme.

Dr. Brandes's book is almost the antipodes of Mr. Lee's. The mere externals of biography have little interest for Dr. Brandes, except so far as they enforce his theory of Shakspere's inner experiences. His main thesis is that the personality of the poet *must* be discoverable in his dramas if only one knows how to find it, and that he knows how to find it. He follows what he styles the psychological method. First he determines (often on the basis of mere whim) the particular mood which prompted Shakspere to write a given drama—the germ, as it were, out of which the play developed in his mind and heart; and then he biographizes. When he can find anything in the history or politics or society of the Elizabethan age that may have occasioned or fostered the mood in question, he utilizes such circumstances unsparingly. True, we have little knowledge of Shakspere's relations to contemporary politics, but that is no deterrent to Dr. Brandes. The net result of his processes is a strange compound of morbid psychic operations and complete sanity of practical conduct. Shakspere was a man of business, who collected his bills with rigor and balanced his books with serenity and invested his profits with unfailing judgment, while at the same time his heart and soul were shaken by titanic passions. In a word, Dr. Brandes's study is as purely a work of imagination as the tragedy of "Othello," only it is not constructed with the same genius and the same knowledge of human nature. It is learned (though not so learned as it seems), original (though less original than one would imagine), powerful (though sometimes confusing the power of words with the power of thought)—but it is not Shakspere. It is animated with the spirit, not of Shakspere, but of a special movement of nineteenth-century thought as exemplified in a small but intellectual community, and in particular in the mind of the author himself. Few recent books have been so stimulating to the student who can supply the proper "corrective spice." Few are so likely to mislead the searcher after something canonical to which he can pin his literary faith. Nobody who cares for Shakspere can neglect Brandes; but everybody who reads Brandes must remember that he is not reading Shakspere. For instance, the learned Dane thinks "Timon of Athens" is a more "interesting" drama than "Macbeth." The reason is clear: he can use "Timon" to show that the sanest and best-balanced of all poets passed through a period of savage misanthropy—a mood of utter unreason which few men experience outside of Bedlam.

Now Mr. Mabie's book does not really enter into competition with either Mr. Lee's 'Life' or Dr. Brandes's 'Study.' It does not claim to add anything to the accumulated stock of knowledge about the poet or his works, nor has the author any novel hypotheses to defend. Originally prepared for serial publication in a widely circulated magazine, it addresses itself "to the great variety of readers." Its expressed object is to bring Shakspere "more distinctly before the mind" of the public, "to widen the interest in" his writings. That is, it is distinctly a work of "popularization," not of research. There is not a footnote in it, from beginning to end, nor, we believe, a single reference to volume and page. The general reader will find none of the impedimenta of learning to embarrass his progress. It would be manifestly inequitable to survey such a book from the high and dry altitude of pure scholarship. Erudition is not professed, and its absence is rather a merit; in a work of this scope, than a ground of complaint. On the other hand, one must not

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demand much originality. The "great variety of readers" do not care for paradoxes, and should not care for them. They want sound doctrine—not too esoteric—an engaging style, and a lucid expository method. Above all, they require variety, a kind of eloquence in presentment, and the assurance of not being bored.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Mabie is well qualified to give the public just what it wants—and. we hasten to add, just what it reasonably wants. He writes easily and gracefully, and is not too severe or too concise. He seizes the picturesque point of view, and he does not make too large a demand on the tired intellect. Everybody knows something about Shakspere, but the number of habitual magazine-readers who are really familiar with him must bear a very small proportion to the total subscription-list. We shall not go far astray if we conjecture that Mr. Mabie has had the majority in mind. He writes not so much for those who know their Shakspere already, as for the enormous number of intelligent persons who wish they knew him. His aim is to induce such persons to make a nearer acquaintance with the poet. No doubt he would feel that he had won his richest reward if he could know that he had induced these persons—in any considerable quantity—to pass directly from his pages to "King Lear," or "Hamlet," or "The Winter's Tale." We are inclined to think that his efforts will have precisely this effect.

With such objects in view, Mr. Mabie has been studious of variety. Of course, he does not confine himself to biography, in the limited sense. As the title-page indicates, he wishes to describe Shakspere as poet and dramatist, as well as a real historical figure of the Elizabethan time. Accordingly, he has touched upon all subjects which one might expect to find treated in a very comprehensive book. He endeavors to furnish a literary and social background, to describe the forces of thought and life and passion which made the age of Elizabeth, and which determined the mental environment of the poet. He has not forgotten "Shakspere's country" (to which, indeed, he devotes perhaps a disproportionate share of attention); he characterizes some of his contemporaries, he dwells on the influences of the Renaissance—reverting more than once to the special forces exerted by Italy—he writes agreeably of the Elizabethan theatre. To the scholar, some of these subjects will seem to be superficially treated, but one must always remember to whom the book is addressed, and that the half is more than the whole. Mr. Mabie's criticisms and appreciations are sound and sufficiently suggestive. Above all, there is little or no false doctrine. The reader who wishes simply to be edified without fatigue, and who is in no position to "control" the books to which he resorts for profitable entertainment, may safely take his chances with Mr. Mabie. There are many things that he will not learn, but he may feel confident that he will not be led astray in anything essential. The author's taste is good, and he is a sound interpreter of Shakspere—not *ad clerum*, but, as we have said before, "to the great variety of readers" whom he addresses.

Perhaps the most positive merit of Mr. Mabie's critical make-up is his moderation, or, in other words, his common sense. He resolutely declines to go to extremes. On all important points, his temper is judicial. No partisan can derive comfort from his book. Thus, in the vexed question of extracting Shakspere's personality from his works, he takes a middle ground. He never forgets that Shakspere is a dramatic writer, and that every utterance of his must be interpreted with this in view. We still think that he has attached too much importance to the Sonnets as autobiography; yet there is a wide difference between his caution and the recklessness of current speculation. He points out with decision what is, after all, the most necessary lesson for every one to bear in mind, that, whatever personal feeling may underlie these poems, they are not mere transcripts from experience. They cannot be used as if they were private correspondence, for they are the idealized and partly dramatic expression of imaginative moods. He attaches too much importance, in our opinion, to the supposed *de profundis* character of the tragedies and the darker comedies, yet here again he is moderation itself. Contrast, for example, Dr. Brandes's view of "Timon of Athens" as the reflection of a time when Shakspere hated the human race, with Mr. Mabie's eminently reasonable comment: "Timon" is "a study of temperament, not a judgment upon life." And compare his wise caveat against the "easy process of reading universal history in the light of personal experience." It is to be wished that he had gone a little further—that he had asked himself the searching question, "Why did all Elizabethans enjoy these gloomy subjects?" But we are not disposed to quarrel with a book which is, in manner and matter, a constant protest against the irresponsible fancies which have done so much to obscure the facts. Such moderation, in a popular book sure to be widely read, will do much to foster a sound public opinion. And sound public opinion is the best protection against learned fantasy and misapplied insight when they are running amuck. Time—that is, the verdict of the majority in the long run—tries all things. Books like Mr. Mabie's, not so striking as widely influential, have weight in settling the verdict of time.

Thus much in general. In detail, there is a good deal to criticise. The preliminary chapter on "The Forerunners of Shakspere" is very poor. It is vague and scanty, and gives slight evidence of genuine knowledge of the subject. Shakspere's contemporaries are also insufficiently treated, and what he learned from them is not set forth with any clearness. The discussion of Euphuism seems to miss the real point of Lyly's influence on the drama. Again, the true importance of the "tragedy of blood" is hardly suggested. Indeed, the whole subject of Shakspere's relations to classical tragedy comes tardy off. Nor are we content with Mr. Mabie's treatment of the relations of Puritanism to the Elizabethan spirit; there are good remarks, but the matter does not seem to have been properly thought out. One notes also observations on the French and the Italian drama that are not quite intelligible. Some of the oracles in the book are perversely inspired. What can Mr. Mabie mean, for example, after saying that Shakspere and Burns and Lincoln "were educated through the imagination rather than through the memory and rationalizing faculties," by adding, "Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles were educated by the same method; so also was Dante"? There are a few downright mistakes, as when Chaucer's "Troilus" is numbered among the "Canterbury Tales" (p. 317), and when the story of Greene's "Pandosto" (the source of "The Winter's Tale") is said to "have its roots in an incident in the history of Bohemia" (p. 372).

The book is handsomely made and richly illustrated. It is a pity, however, to exalt the Chandos Portrait to the dignity of a frontispiece, for this gives it a kind of authentication that will deceive many. It is a still greater pity to present so hideous a caricature of the Ely House Portrait. Finally, it is diverting to find the hall at Charlecote, with the busts of dead and gone Lucys on the mantel, labelled "The Hall at Clopton." Some of these defects will no doubt be remedied in a second edition, which will certainly be called for before long, and in which we hope to see the preliminary chapter either rewritten or discarded altogether.

MR. HOWELLS AND HIS FRIENDS.

Literary Friends and Acquaintances: A Personal Retrospect of American Authorship. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1900.

Those who have read the several chapters of this book as they have appeared from time to time in one or another magazine, will be glad to have them in a continuous arrangement, and will read them with even greater pleasure than those who now for the first time make their acquaintance. Nowhere has Mr. Howells written more delightfully. The subtile but not too obvious rhythm of his sentences is a perpetual charm. But the spirit of these recollections is, if possible, more admirable than their form. Mr. Howells apologizes for his frankness, saying that he is merely using his personality as a background against which divers important figures are projected. But the background of many pictures is not the least pleasant part of them, and it is certain that we would more willingly spare many pages of Mr. Howells's description of his literary fellows than as many dealing with himself and his affairs in a casual or deliberate manner. Famed and unfamed are treated with such kindness as one must go far to equal—say, to Grant's memoirs. Yet there is ample firmness and discrimination. The result is not reached by a judicious balancing of praise and blame, but by a geniality which suffuses the most depreciatory judgments with a kindly warmth and light. There is something delightful in the fearlessness of Mr. Howells's admirations. Some of them sound a challenge to the depreciations of our English friends, but here and there to their excessive praise, as in the case of Poe, whose damnation, however, by Emerson as "the jingle-man" Mr. Howells would not accept as a complete characterization. He is with Lowell heartily in his opinion that the Cambridge society of his day was the best in the world, and that English was nowhere else so well spoken—especially, Mr. Howells would add, when Lowell spoke.

Of the eight parts of the book, the first three are those in which Mr. Howells has a happy prominence. They describe his first visit to New England, his first impressions of literary New York, and his roundabout second journey to Boston by way of Venice.

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His first meeting with Lowell and the other Boston men was in 1860, a few months before Lincoln's election, and the wonder is how little presage there was in the air of the great events that were shortly to burst on the world. In his twenty-third year, doing the Boston sights boy fashion, his emotions must have been overwhelming when Lowell made a little dinner for him at the Parker House, with Fields and Holmes. He was "not a forthputting youth," he tells us, but he had the courage to propose himself for the post of assistant editor of the *Atlantic*. Four years later he attained to this, but he is persuaded that his knowledge of the details of a printing-office was the asset that most commended him to the powers that were. His heart's desire in his early manhood was to be a poet and as much like Heine as possible. The vicissitudes of some of his early ventures in prose and verse are eloquent of the vanity of human appreciations. The chapters which make up the 'Italian Journeys' were "rejected addresses" in Boston when the *Nation* took them up in 1865. It is evident, however, that from the start the *dii majores* saw more in young Howells than his humorous depreciation of himself would persuade us to believe there was.

The veil of anonymity is thrown over the editor of the New York *Saturday Press*, for which Mr. Howells did some of his first writing. It is said of him that "if he had been *half as bad as his talk*, he would have been too bad to be." The *Press* was much affected by the Bohemian set of whom Mr. Howells saw something on his first visit to New York at Pfaff's and elsewhere, and was less impressed by the awful appearance of the more dissipated than they expected him to be. At Pfaff's he met Whitman, but there is no suggestion of his likeness or Mr. Howells's in the picture of the event by the artist who furnishes the generally futile imaginative illustrations of Mr. Howells's vivid text. Later, there is a tragic story of Edwin Booth's taking up the cast of Lincoln's hand at an evening party and asking whose it was. The praise of Curtis is all that his best lovers could desire. Mr. Howells does well to retract his wish that Curtis had devoted himself wholly to the beautiful and let others look after the true. To say that "in early life he was a communist" is strong language for the fact that as a schoolboy he boarded for two years at Brook Farm; and not 1855 but 1856 was the date of "his first great speech on the Kansas question," of which Mr. Howells remembers at least one passage while confessing to entire forgetfulness.

Part Fourth, "Literary Boston as I Knew It," is such a full account of the New England writers in the later sixties that when one of these is conspicuously absent, the omission might seem "to hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," if some better explanation could not be easily inferred. Here we have pleasant meetings with Miss Prescott (Mrs. Spofford), Miss Larcom, Celia Thaxter, E. P. Whipple, George Ticknor, Edmund Quincy, T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stowe, and others. Proof-reading after some of these gifted persons was a ticklish business. Mrs. Stowe's syntax had to be made over in a liberal fashion, but, like Hippocleides, the Corinthian, she didn't care. Whittier's bad rhymes were of greater frequency than Mr. Howells's reverence for his character permits him to report. A mistake of Emerson's was instructive in its consequences as to what wrath can harbor in celestial minds. He wrote Mr. Howells to "return the proofs and break up the forms." It is not often that Parton's histories get such generous recognition as they have here. We find Parkman coming to see Mr. Howells just to tell him of his delight in 'A Boy's Town.' Ropes's engrossment in war studies never blinded him, we are assured, to the atrocity of war. The inevitable mistake is made about William Ellery Channing, the Concord poet, who is not William Henry.

Holmes has a chapter to himself, and it is not too much for the fulness of Mr. Howells's recollections of that quintessential Bostonian. It is passing strange to read of the infidelity of his 'Guardian Angel' as costing the *Atlantic* many subscribers. The 'Poet at the Breakfast Table' is set down as having been as near a failure as Dr. Holmes could come. It seemed to Mr. Howells "that he enjoyed sitting at his chimney-corner rather as the type of a man having a good time than as such a person." There are parts of this chapter which one fancies written in a different mood from that which dominates the remainder of the book; they are more rhetorical than Mr. Howells's characteristic manner. It is quite too bad that he never got so near to Emerson as to Lowell or Holmes; but perhaps no one ever did. He formed the belief that Emerson did not care for him, but did not blame him, so often was he of a similar mind regarding his own worth.

"The White Mr. Longfellow," so named after Björnstjerne Björnson's designation, is a chapter abounding in the intimacies of personal knowledge of the man and all his works and ways. Here is the best account that we have ever had of the famous Dante Class to which Longfellow read his translation of the 'Divina Commedia.' The humor, at one of these sessions, of Lowell's oysters, so fond of red pepper that when he put a red-pepper pod into a barrel of them they all came out clinging to it in a solid mass, got its prosperity mainly from the matter-of-fact acceptance of the tale by a somnolent old gentleman whose hard breathing competed with that of Longfellow's fat terrier, making a dual but indistinguishable obligato to the music of the "Paradiso," as Longfellow read his translation "with a mellow, resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn." It would be ungracious to Mr. Howells to multiply such incidents of his genial recollections of his loved and honored friend. We must not impoverish his book.

The "Studies of Lowell," which constitute Part Seventh, easily overtop the other parts in the quality of their representation of a rich and splendid life. These studies are so sincere that Lowell does not at all figure in them as

> "That perfect monster whom the world ne'er saw."

He had his foibles, as where you must acknowledge his supremacy before he would be the gracious friend. "If he liked you, he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave." Mr. Howells thinks he might have let "the Land of Broken Promise" stand for America in his Agassiz ode, "to the end of making people think." It would certainly be truer now than it was in 1873. As to the whimsical lines in 'The Cathedral,' which Mr. Howells says "he would not change, and they stand as he first wrote them," this is not true of the whimsical passage about the Englishmen whom he met in Chartres. This (nineteen lines) was omitted in all the later editions, and so ingeniously that the pronoun which refers to the Englishmen in the first edition refers in the later ones to "the flies," which were, with him, "the only customers" at the pea-green inn. The change in Lowell's habits and manners wrought by his foreign residence is indicated with admirable discrimination. It was a superficial change. It meant no failure of that abounding faith in the possibilities of American democracy which was expressed in his great Birmingham address.

It would be a congenial task to follow Mr. Howells into the details of his last chapter, in which his Cambridge neighbors are commented on in terms of warm affection and intelligent discrimination. In the account of Mr. Boyesen we cannot but admire the loyalty that exaggerates the importance of his friend. The elder James will be a discovery to many who have known him hitherto only in that fine audacity of his style which has survived in some degree in the writing of his son William. It is very good to have some of the other "unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known" set in a light which makes their virtues plain. It is a lofty privilege to be introduced into such vital contact with so many noble spirits, few if any of them more engaging than the writer who is never for a moment absent from the pleasant scene.

Historic Towns of the Middle States.—Historic Towns of the Southern States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. 1900.

Like the 'Historic Towns of New England,' previously noticed in these columns, these books consist of brief sketches, historical and descriptive, prepared by residents or other persons specially interested, some skilled in literary composition, and some who will doubtless improve by practice.

That the history of most of these towns is brief, unromantic, and uneventful, need hardly be said. Possibly the thirtieth century may invest the opening of railroads, building of State-houses, and establishment of manufactories with a romantic glamour, but that is not at present the case. It is true that the early chronicles of New York and Albany have a sort of Old-Delft picturesqueness; that Schenectady has its Indian massacre, and Pittsburgh has inherited Braddock's defeat, while St. Augustine may boast a genuine antiquity, the truculent memory of Menendez and De Gourgues, a visit from Sir Francis Drake, and the unique possession of a city gate. But most of them can claim the beatitude attached to communities whose annals are uninteresting; and from this point of view, happiest of all is Little Rock, where nothing seems ever to have happened, not even in the civil war, when the Federal captors "did the place no harm."

But as chronicles, for the most part, of peaceful prosperity, these sketches can be read with interest. The illustrations are numerous and handsome, and the whole make-up of the volumes excellent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashley, W. J. Surveys Historic and Economic. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

Bellaigue, Camille. Musical Studies and Silhouettes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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Blaisdell, A. F. The Story of American History. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Blok, P. J. History of the People of the Netherlands: Part III., The War with Spain. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Boothby, Guy. My Indian Queen. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Bourget, Paul. Pages Choisies des Auteurs Contemporains. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
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